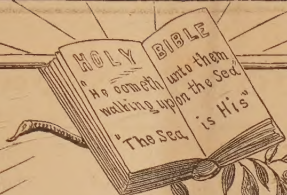


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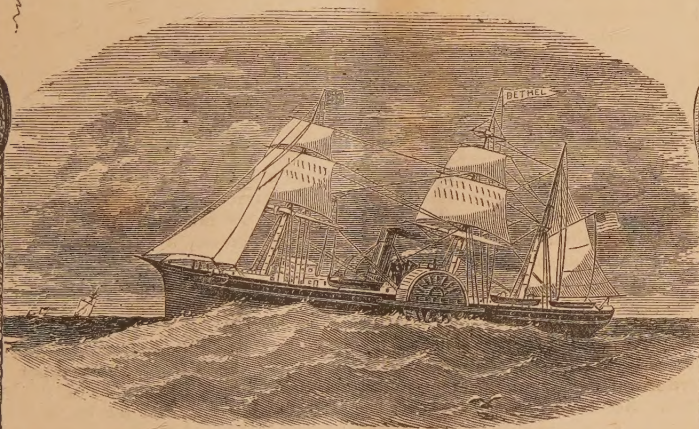
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THE SAILORS' MAGAZINE, — and — SEAMEN'S FRIEND



OCTOBER, 1871.

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THE SAILORS' MAGAZINE AND SEAMEN'S FRIEND.

THE SAILORS' MAGAZINE AND SEAMEN'S FRIEND, a monthly pamphlet of thirty-two pages, will contain the proceedings of the American Seamen's Friend Society, and its Branches and Auxiliaries, with notices of the labor of local independent Societies, in behalf of Seamen. It will aim to present a general view of the history, nature, the progress and the wants of the SEAMEN'S CAUSE, commending it earnestly to the sympathies, the prayers and the benefactions of all Christian people.

It is designed also to furnish interesting reading matter for Seamen, especially such as will tend to their spiritual edification. Important notices to mariners memoranda of disasters, deaths, &c., will be given. It will contain correspondence and articles from our Foreign Chaplains, and of Chaplains and friends of the cause at home. No field at this time presents more ample material for an interesting periodical. To single subscribers \$1 a year invariably in advance. It will be furnished Life Directors and Life Members gratuitously, upon an annual request for the same. POSTAGE in advance—quarterly, at the office of delivery—within the United States, twelve cents a year.

THE SEAMEN'S FRIEND

Is also issued as an eight page monthly tract adapted to Seamen, and for gratuitous distribution among them. It is furnished Auxiliary Societies for this use, at the rate of one dollar per hundred.

THE LIFE BOAT.

This little sheet, published monthly, will contain brief anecdotes, incidents, and facts relating to Sea Libraries.

Any Sabbath-School that will send us \$20, for a loan library, shall have fifty copies gratis, monthly, for one year, with the postage prepaid by the Society.

In making remittances for subscriptions, always procure a draft on New York, or a Post Office Money Order, if possible. Where neither of these can be procured, send the money, but always in a REGISTERED letter. The registration fee has been reduced to fifteen cents, and the present registration system has been found by the postal authorities to be virtually an absolute protection against losses by mail. All Postmasters are obliged to register letters whenever requested to do so.



THE SAILORS' MAGAZINE AND SEAMEN'S FRIEND.

Vol. 43.

OCTOBER, 1871.

No. 10.

OUR LIFE-SAVING SERVICE.

We make up from various sources, the following account of past and present provision by the U. S. Government for the saving of life upon the coasts of New Jersey and Long Island. There is urgent call, it will be seen, that more be done than has been, to prevent terrible fatalities upon these dangerous shores. We trust that projected improvements and additions may soon be made, and be such as to further the end to be held as of paramount importance.—ED. MAG.

There is no more dangerous and inhospitable stretch of coast than that portion of the Atlantic line of the United States, from Cape May to Sandy Hook, known as the Jersey Coast. There are but few points along this locality where the skeletons of once noble vessels may not be seen half embedded in the sand, and the surrounding graves, with their rude sculptured boards, present mournful attestations of the dangers and death that have beset the storm-driven mariner.

For a very long time no means whatever were employed for saving or attempting to save life and property thus constantly sacrificed, and it has only been at a comparatively recent period that anything but the rudest contrivances were employed for this purpose. Many sturdy and heroic men living along this shore, who have braved the terrors of the sea for years, have time and again fearlessly perilled their lives, without any compensation, and without subsequent reward, in rescuing passengers and crews of shipwrecked vessels, and their humane exertions have often been crowned with success. But the greatest valor, unaided by the appliances of scientific invention, were inadequate to the tremendous task, and at last the national Government was driven to the effort to at least check these constantly recurring fatalities. Hence, at the first session of the Thirtieth Congress, the Committee on Commerce were instructed to inquire what means could be adopted for the better preservation of life and

property from shipwreck along the coasts of New Jersey and Long Island, also, and upon the passage of the Lighthouse bill for that year, 3d of March, 1847, an amendment was offered providing that \$5,000 be appropriated for furnishing the light-houses on the Atlantic coast of New York and New Jersey with means of rendering assistance to shipwrecked mariners, to be under the control and direction of the Secretary of the Treasury. This was the first move. The next, in the same direction, was made August 14, 1848, when \$10,000 was appropriated for providing surf-boats, rockets, carronades and necessary apparatus, and March 3, 1849, the further sum of \$10,000 was appropriated for like purposes.—These early efforts were of much avail, and under Congressional sanction various life-saving stations were established, that duty being entrusted at different periods to Captains DOUGLASS OTTINGER, JOHN MCGOWAN and JOHN FAUNCE, officers of the revenue marine. Zeal, energy and considerable success characterized their efforts in this humane work.

It was not, however, until the 14th of December, 1854, that the authority of Congress was given to the regular organization of the life-saving establishment. The last Congress (winter of '70, '71) appropriated \$200,000 for perfecting the system, and a Commission duly appointed for the purpose has lately (Sept., '71) passed over the entire ground, on the coast of New Jersey from Cape May to Sandy Hook, and on Long Island coast from Coney Island to Montauk Point. The life-saving stations as it is understood, from the result of their labors upon

the two coasts, are now to be seventy-one in all—thirty-one on Long Island, and forty on New Jersey. The Long Island list, extending 120 miles from Montauk Point to Pelican Beach, is as follows: 1, Pelican Beach; 2, Rockaway Beach No. 1; 3, Rockaway Beach, No. 2; 4, Rockaway Beach No. 3; 5, Long Beach No. 1; 6, Long Beach No. 2; 7, Long Beach No. 3; 8, Oak Island Beach No. 1; 9, Oak Island Beach No. 2; 10, Fire Island; 11, Point of Woods; 12, Lone Hill; 13, Blue Point; 14, Bell-Port; 15, Fire Place; 16, Smith's Point; 17, Forge River; 18, Moriches; 19, Tanner's Neck; 20, Quogue; 31, West Hampton; 22, Tiana, opposite Tiana Bay; 23, Southampton; 24, Bridgehampton; 25, Easthampton; 26, Georgia Pond, west of Easthampton; 27, Amagansett; 28, Napeague Bay; 29, Hither Plain; 30, Ditch Plain, at an old house opposite Great Pond; 31, Montauk Point.

The New Jersey stations, covering the whole 140 miles, from Sandy Hook to Cape May, will be: 1, Sandy Hook; 2, Horseshoe; 3, Long Branch No. 1; 4, Long Branch No. 2; 5, Deal Beach No. 1; 6, Deal Beach No. 2; 7, Near Shark River; 8, Squan Village; 9, Squan Village, North end; 10, Squan Beach No. 1; 11, Squan Beach No. 2; 12, Squan Beach No. 3; 13, Squan No. 1; 14, Squan No. 2; 15, Squan, South end; 16, Barnegat; 17, Barnegat Beach No. 1; 18, Barnegat Beach No. 2; 19, Long Beach No. 1; 20, Long Beach No. 2; 21, Long Beach No. 3; 22, Little Egg Harbor; 23, North of Brigantine Beach; 24, Brigantine, 25, Brigantine Beach; 26, Atlantic; 27, Absecom No. 1; 28, Absecom No. 2; 29, Peck's Beach No. 1; 30,

Peck's Beach No. 2; 31, Peek's Beach No. 3; 32, Ludlam's Beach No. 1; 33, Ludlam's Beach No. 2; 34, Tutham's; 35, Cape May Court House; 36, Five Mile House No. 1; 37, Five Mile House No. 2; 38, Two Mile House; 39, Cape Island; 40, Cape May.

On the New Jersey coast, the average distance between the stations will be about three miles and a half. Hitherto there have been eight miles between some of them, and few were nearer than four miles to each other. The object of putting the houses at convenient distances from each other is, of course, to enable each crew to get the assistance of its neighbor when required and to leave no part of the coast unguarded even with each crew to work alone.

Every one of these stations, when fully supplied with apparatus, should contain one lifeboat, with air chambers and four oars; one metal life car, with rings and chains for each end; one Manilla hawser, $4\frac{1}{2}$ inch, 180 fathoms; one hauling line, $2\frac{1}{2}$ inch, 310 fathoms; two rocket lines, 9-16 of an ounce per yard, 300 yards each; one coiling frame for rocket line and box; one crotch and frame for throwing rockets; one sand anchor, strap and bull's eye; one tackle, with 20 fathoms fall, $2\frac{1}{2}$ inch Manilla; one heavier and strap; one mortar of iron and 10 shot fitted with spiral wire; one copper powder canister and 4 pounds of powder for same; twelve blue lights and box, containing 50 quick rockets; five rockets and rocket box of tin; eight pieces of match rope and 12 pieces of port fire; two lanterns and oil can and oil for the same; one lamp feeder and wick; one stove and pipe;

one cord of wood; two shovels, and one priming wire.

If the recommendations of the Commission be adopted at Washington, at nearly every one of the forty stations on the New Jersey shore, there will be, during the winter months, a crew of seven men, paid a sufficient amount for their labor and comfortably housed. A ration will also be supplied, as there is difficulty, owing to the isolation of many of the houses, in getting meals. It will be imperative on each crew to remain during the winter at their houses, and they are also liable to be called on for duty any time during the year. The crews will have to patrol the beach at all hours, so that immediate assistance may be rendered distressed vessels.

The salaries of keepers of houses will also be advanced, and they are to be held responsible for the property entrusted to them and for the proper cleanliness of the houses. Hitherto the pay of crews has been \$40 per month, from Dec. 15th to Mar. 15th, and that of keepers \$200 per year. Before this, also, there has been one superintendent for the Long Island coast and another for the Jersey coast. It will now be recommended to appoint two superintendents for each coast, and that both shall also have charge of the customs department in their districts. Stated times will be assigned for them to visit the stations.

The first step to be taken in carrying out the plans determined upon, will be to improve and enlarge the houses now in use, and to put up new ones. Contracts for the work will be entered into immediately, and probably all changes will have been finished before the end of the

Fall. At present, the houses on the Long Island coast are miserable shanties, made of slabs and slats, roofed over with shingles. The surf-men would freeze in them in Winter, unless a roaring fire were kept up all the time. The vacant spaces between the slabs on the sides of the houses are large enough in every case to admit a great deal of wind, and sufficient snow to spoil everything in the houses.

Each house will now be supplied with everything needed, regulations being also established by which each keeper can at once procure every article needed in his house. A plan has been adopted by which all the houses will be uniformly conducted, and in the changes to be made the fittings in each will be similar. What the total cost of the entire work will be cannot now be stated, for besides the building expenses the houses must, to a considerable extent, be refurnished with parts of the apparatus. The estimates for improvements on Long Island were \$50,000, but for the New Jersey coast the amount will probably come near twice as much.

One man will, henceforth, be kept at each station, all the time throughout the year. An effort will be made in the Legislature of New York at the next session to secure title to the Government for about a hundred square feet of land at each station, for the spaces covered by the houses. Where such property belongs to the State, there is reason to think that it will be granted to the general government as a free gift from the State. Land on Long Island, along and near the beaches, is used, generally, by the owners,

for cattle ranges, and large owners usually offer the sites free to the Government.

In this connection, the new and serious experiments in the construction of steam lifeboats now being prosecuted in England are suggestive. The application of steam to life-saving and wrecking apparatus is most desirable, and, if it can be effected in conjunction with the new and stringent laws for the protection of sea-goers (requiring vessels to provide a large number of lifeboats), a large percentage of lives would be saved in shipwrecks. When the crew of a sinking vessel takes to the boats many of the latter are often swamped from want of men to manage them. With the proposed improvement of recent English experimenters each boat can be worked by at most three men. The construction of the new invention is said to be very simple. The only propeller that can be applied is the hydraulic propeller, as its turbine, being enclosed, all risk of fouling pieces of wreck and weed is thereby avoided. To attempt to use a lifeboat with a screw or paddle would be at imminent risk of disaster. Such being the case, it is proposed that the boat shall consist of three tubes, the two outer ones being circular, and the center one, in which the propeller works, being semicircular and placed beneath the platform grating which connects the two circular tubes. The whole structure resembles a whale boat, and can be turned round on its centre and sent ahead or astern by the man in charge by simply turning a handle, without issuing an order to any one—an advantage of the utmost moment under the critical cir-

cumstances which render the use of lifeboats necessary.

After carefully considering our life-saving system, as it has been, we are disposed to say with the *Newark Advertiser* that the wonder is how this important department could have been so long neglected as it was. A few statistics as to this noble and needful work in Great Britain will fittingly follow. There, it is conducted, not by the Government, but by a voluntary association of benevolent men, united in the Royal National Institution for the Preservation of Life from Shipwreck. The society was established March 4, 1824, and has been amply supported by the British public. Among its private subscriptions may be noticed one of £10,000 sterling. In a late appeal the Committee of Management state that during the

year 1868 and the first ten months of 1869 the institution has expended £46,331 (\$250,000) on various lifeboat establishments on the coasts of England, Scotland and Ireland, in addition to having contributed to the saving of 1,883 persons from various shipwrecks on their coasts. The fleet of lifeboats of this association now numbers 223, each of which has a regular organized crew, under annual pay, and the mortars and rockets have such care that instant signals by flags in the day and by lights and guns at night can be given. The number of lives saved, either by the lifeboats of the society or by special exertion, for which it has granted rewards, since its formation, is 19,732, for which services ninety gold medals, 818 silver medals and £33,941 in cash have been paid in rewards.

MONTAUK POINT AND LIGHT.

The first article in *Harper's Magazine* for September is a finely illustrated account of a four days' excursion from New York to the above locality. We extract from it as follows:

"Breakfast over, we push for the water's edge. There are evidences everywhere of fearful storms,

"Where surge after surge would leap enorm,
Cliffs of emerald topped with snow,
That lifted and lifted and then let go
A great white avalanche of thunder,"

tearing and goring gaps and seams into the coast, which is at this spot quite low. Here a sea-wall has been piled up, and the sand gathering about it forms a slight barrier to the encroachments of the ocean. Looking east along the wide beach, what a sight greets our view! Extending full half a mile, the debris of wrecked ships, a chaos of splintered fragments, bleached and broken—a tre-

mendous illustration of what Walt Whitman calls

"The spasm of the sky and the shatter of the sea."

"Here we stop to sketch part of a broken mast, then the charred remains of what seems to have been a schooner. Partially buried, and protruding from the sand like skeleton fingers, were great iron bolts, rusted and bent. After heavy gales it is found that the character of the beach often changes. Wrecks that have long been buried and forgotten are exhumed, and again the fierce winds and heavy seas cover them from sight. Further on we pass heaps of coal; parts of the vertebræ of a whale, bleached perfectly white; a bit of rail, or broken spar and tackle-block—what memories of disappointed hopes, unwritten tragedies, lying here in this graveyard of the sea! Still further on the bluffs begin to rise to a height varying from

twenty to fifty feet, in bright sunlight against the dark blue of the sky. Their color is a fresh yellow ochre, broken with gray and purple.

We reached Montauk Light, and the end of our second day's tramp, a little after dark. Later in the evening we accompanied the keeper (Mr. Ripley) on a tour of inspection. Going through a passage-way we found ourselves in the oil-room, neatly paved with colored tiles, the oil being stored in large tanks on one side of the room. The ascent is by one hundred and thirty-seven steps, winding around the central shaft, and the walls are of enormous thickness; the tower, erected in 1796, was some years since strengthened by building a solid brick lining inside of the original structure. Immediately below the lamp is the keeper's room and the apparatus which keeps the revolving "flash" in operation. Here through the long weary watches of the night, one hundred and eighty feet above the sea, exposed to the full force of the wild Atlantic storms, these faithful sentinels keep vigil. On their fidelity and constant watchfulness depends the safety of the many thousand vessels that annually traverse this highway of the sea.

"Steadfast, serene, immovable, the same

Year after year, through all the silent night,
Burns on for evermore that quenchless flame,
Shines on that inextinguishable light!"

A few steps higher and we are in the lantern, containing a "Fresnel" flash light of the first order, made by Henry Lepante. It is a miracle of ingenuity in the scientific concentration of the lenses. We step inside the lenses as the "flash" slowly revolves, and the next moment are inclosed in light which is visible thirty-six miles seaward. The flash throws a flood of brilliant light around the entire circle, disappearing and re-appearing every two minutes.

Mr. Ripley explains to us that the lamp has two reservoirs—an upper and a lower; the former being five feet above and directly over the lower one. They are connected by

two pipes. The lower reservoir contains a pump, by which the oil is forced through one of the pipes into the upper reservoir. The feed-pipe connected with the lamp has a chamber which contains a small float, by which the flow of oil is regulated, allowing 120 drops per minute. The oil that is not consumed passes down into a receiver under the lamp, to which a small tube is attached, conveying it through a wirecloth strainer into the lower reservoir, to be again pumped up. During the long winter nights the lamp will consume two and one-half gallons of refined lard-oil, and the oil will flow four hours without pumping. The upper reservoir will contain nine gallons. The flash is propelled by clock-work, which, when wound up, will run three hours. The lenses are twelve feet in height and six feet in diameter. The lamp is placed inside of the lenses, having four wicks, the largest being three and a half inches in diameter. During the day the lenses are covered with linen curtains, to prevent the rays of the sun from striking the lamp and unsoldering the brass-work. The height of the lantern is nine feet, the frame of solid iron. No wood of any kind is used in the tower.

Much trouble is experienced in keeping the oil from congealing during the cold winter nights, owing to the want of stoves in the oil-room. Attention to this matter by the Lighthouse Board would add much to the comfort of the keepers and the efficiency of the light. There is a curious history connected with the light. It was presented by the French government to the United States, and lay a long time in the Custom-house in New York; was then sold to pay the duties, and finally, after much dickering, was purchased back again by "Uncle Sam."

Stepping out on the balcony that surrounds the tower, the glorious panorama of the moonlit sea lay all about us, and at that moment two ships were crossing the glinting light of the moon. The raw, chilly night air soon drove us below to the comfortable fireside of the keeper's

family, where we sat listening to stories of storms from the southeast, during which the whole weight of the Atlantic is thrown directly upon Montauk Head. The light-house is built of granite, and, founded on a rock, stands on the bluff sixty feet above the beach. The sea is silently eating its way toward the tower, and this will soon compel a removal to the higher ground west.

In connection with the above excerpts, the following paragraph, communicated to the New York *Observer* by Mr. Charles Lanman, will be of interest:

"Among the more noted vessels lost on Montauk Point were the schooner *Triumph*, the whale ship *Forrester*, the brig *Marcellus*, the bark *Algea*, the light boat *Nantucket*, the brig *Flying Cloud*, the ship *John Milton*, and the steamship *Amsterdam*, laden with fruit from Malaga. The incidents which have been narrated to me touching these various calamities do not incline me to fall in love with the ocean on the score of humanity, and I was surprised to

learn that much the larger proportion of the poor mariners wrecked on the coast of Montauk had been saved. The most fearful calamity was that which befel the ship *John Milton*, and her wreck was almost the first object that I saw and sketched on my first visit to the region, and it was long before I could banish the story of her fate from my mind. Her burden was nearly fifteen hundred tons. She was from the South Pacific, bound to New York, laden with guano, and went ashore in a snow storm on the night of the 19th of January, 1858. Her crew consisted of twenty-six persons, and on the day following the catastrophe their dead bodies were all found scattered along the beach, and were subsequently buried in the village of East Hampton. Not content with having sent this noble ship upon the shore, the ocean for some weeks was unceasingly hammering away with its huge and savage breakers upon the timbers of the poor hulk, until every vestige had disappeared forever. And thus has it been in every clime; "man marks the earth with ruin; his control stops with the shore."

MERCATOR, THE PATH-FINDER OF THE SEAS.

The new German Empire has still other ambitions than the proud attainments of its armies in the late deadly struggle, which virtually gave it the rule of the continent of Europe. Germania desires also to have its due influence on the waves, though it does not, like Britannia, aspire to rule them.

The consolidation of the various German States has given to the nation one fleet and one flag. Already German craft have penetrated the frozen regions in quest of the northern passage and the Pole, while the commercial marine of the Fatherland is keeping up almost daily communication with our own great metropolis.

The Baltic will ere long become a German lake, for even now a line of steamers starts from Stettin, on the

northern shore of Prussia, and, touching at Copenhagen and the ports of Sweden and Norway, winds its way through the intricate passages of their seas, and thus reaches the Atlantic and our own coasts. A ship canal is already projected through Holstein to the North Sea direct, which will give a short and rapid communication to all the Baltic ports with the broad ocean and the wide world.

In these hours of promise for the German marine, it is quite natural that her sailors should regard with increased interest and pride the history and fame of one of her own sons, who well deserves to be entitled the Path-finder of the Seas. When the mariner on the ocean would know whither his trackless way is leading him, and with what

accuracy and success he is pursuing his journey, he resorts to his inseparable companion, the famous chart known as "Mercator's Projection." When the incipient navigator of even the British Isles presents himself for examination as to his capacity to guide their vessels to distant ports, the first question directed to him is invariably the one concerning the principles of Mercator's Projection, and his ability to put them to practical use.

If we open an extensive collection of maps of any land, nearly the first one that will meet our eye will be Mercator's, giving us the earth on a plane surface, so that the most unlettered navigator can at once determine the distance from place to place in a straight line, and decide, for instance, that England's shortest route to her great possessions in Australia is directly across the Atlantic, our own continent, and the Pacific Ocean.

To the novice this may seem a very simple thing, and quite unworthy of fame, but to the scientific navigator the skillful computation of the variation of latitude and longitude from the equator to the pole, stamps the discovery and the system of the chart as a work of immortal genius. It has stood for three centuries as a land-mark in the history of science, and it is as popular and useful to-day as when it first gave to the early navigators the unerring means of finding their way on the trackless ocean.

Now, the Germans are proud to claim Mercator as their own, though he was born in the Netherlands, while his parents were on a hurried visit to that country. His home was on the banks of the Rhine, and there he lived and died, the greatest of early geographers. Until his advent, the most learned men in his favorite science fell into the strangest errors, and it was reserved for him to initiate a reform in geography, and pave the way to an accurate passage of the seas.

But his patient labors have never received a fitting recognition until now, when his disciples in Germany have resolved to celebrate the third

centennial anniversary of the appearance of the famous Mercator's Projection by erecting a monument to the memory of its author. This revival of interest in the old navigator has led the Director of one of the first Nautical Schools of Germany, Dr. Breusing, of Bremen, to present to the world a history of his life, entitled *Gerhard Kremer, called Mercator, the German Geographer*. This is full of interesting details regarding the old veteran, and proudly states that when the Netherlands claimed the honor of his birth, he himself would be none else than German, though for a while his cradle was rocked in the Low Lands.

According to the custom of that day, he translated his name into Latin on taking his place among scholars, and thus he became "Mercator." He was a man of deep religious convictions, and determined to devote a good portion of his life to combating the Aristotelian philosophy, which was then in vogue. As a means of support he became a teacher of mathematics; and to sustain his increasing family he made mathematical instruments and engraved maps. His interest in Biblical studies led him to publish, in 1537, a map of Palestine, and shortly afterwards he presented the world with another of Flanders.

Until that period Gothic characters had been used on all charts, but with great inconvenience; he was the first to introduce the Roman characters for that purpose, which soon became universal. He was extremely successful as a scientific mechanician, and made globes and other scientific instruments for Charles the Fifth.

In 1546 he ascertained the variation of the magnetic needle. This fact had been observed by Columbus, in his famous voyage of 1492, but during the whole of the sixteenth century scientific men had no accurate conception of it, and Mercator was the first to call general attention to the fact. He was also the first to introduce the elements of the theory of terrestrial magnetism, and finally calculated the position of the magnetic pole, the determination

of which he considered a matter of transcendent importance. His portrait represents him with a terrestrial globe, on which he is measuring with his compass the position of the magnetic pole.

His next great work was a large map of Europe, which is unfortunately only preserved on a small scale, but which settled his fame as the greatest map-maker of his time. He was then called to the chair of mathematics of the famous Gymnasium of Duisburg, which he filled with great acceptance for three years, after which the Duke of Lorraine called him into his service to map out his land from a careful scientific survey.

Mercator was a man of the most varied talents, and seemed at home in every branch of science that in the least pertained to his favorite work. He was at once astronomer and chronologist, historian and theologian, mathematician and surveyor, map-drawer and engraver. And all these heterogeneous qualities he finally made subordinate to the great object of his life, which was the production of a cosmography or description of the universe, which should be a complete history of the heavens, of earth, and of man. The first volume of this appeared in 1568, on the subject of chronology, illustrated by many curious plates, and completed with a perfect harmony of the Gospels, showing that in all Mercator's labors his Biblical studies had a prominent part.

This was of great value for the period, but it was reserved for the following year for him to give to the world his famous chart, that was to form an epoch in the history of geography and navigation of the seas. Thence dates the reform in the science of chart-making, that presents no work of like import in all its history. After navigation of the sea had become possible by the discovery of the compass, the navigator could venture into the open ocean. But the charts that were to be his guide proved extremely unreliable, and only in rare cases did they lead him to his goal.

Nothing seemed to come out right, and no chart-maker could make it do so until Mercator solved the riddle.

He found out the cause of the errors in the ancient charts, and invented the means through which alone they could be avoided; he not only presented the proper principle for the projection according to which marine charts must be laid out, but also gave full directions for its use. He illustrated the principles of his chart by explaining that his main object was to spread out the exterior of the globe on a plane surface, so that the position of all points might not only correspond to reality in latitude and longitude, but that also in respect to their direction and distance from one another they might be, as near as possible, like that of the surface of the globe.

This important object he effected in the projection that bears his name, in which the degrees of latitude are enlarged towards both poles in the same proportion that they hold in their relation to the equator. He gave a very clear exposition of the principles that guided him, and evidently showed that he was the first to comprehend them, although envious rivals have endeavored to rob him of this honor.

Thus Mercator continued to labor, —all that he produced bearing the stamp of genius. He examined ancient maps very closely, and especially those of Ptolemy, and corrected them where they did not correspond with the text; and thus he published in 1578, in Cologne, revised maps of Ptolemy, which are acknowledged to the present day. And as he cast light over ancient geography, so he planned an entirely new collection of modern maps, and worked at them for a quarter of a century, each one in its turn being an advance in geographical science. But he was not permitted to finish this great enterprise. He sickened and died in 1594, at the advanced age of 84 years. His last intelligible words were a request to the clergyman at his side to remember him in his prayers.

A son followed in the footsteps of the father and finished the work laid out. He published the entire collection under the name of "Atlas," which was chosen by Mercator before his death; and since that time every collection of maps bears the name of "Atlas," so that the whole race of Atlas-makers, down to the famous Stieler, and Kiepert, and Berghaus of the present hour in Germany, can trace back their lineage to their great father, Mercator.

For three hundred years the principal navigators of the world have acknowledged their indebtedness to Mercator, and the mariners of all

nations mention his name with respect and gratitude; while Germany proudly claims him as her own. This gratitude towards the great reformer in the science of navigation found a lively voice a few months ago in the town of Duisburg,—where his most celebrated work was given to the world,—on account of the recurrence of the third centennial since the immortal chart saw the light. His admirers then resolved to lay the foundation of a fitting monument to his memory, and the nation will be sure to contribute generously.—*Scribner's Monthly.*

SEA LIFE.

BY REV. N. ADAMS, D. D.

In two days after leaving New York we were in the Gulf Stream. We sailed through leagues of herbage which was borne from the shores by the stream, and, like us, was going to sea. The ship rolled, and soon the wind freshened and we were in a gale. We had our first sight of "mountain waves," so called, but they needed some imagination and a little fear to make them mountainous. They were enough, however, to make us uncomfortable. The gale lasted two days. We took the impression that such was to be the ordinary experience in the voyage, discomfort and tediousness. But we were happy to find that it was not so; for during the whole voyage there were very few such experiences, so infrequent indeed as to excite surprise when they came. The third morning the weather was fine. Going on deck, we found we had exchanged the sharp air of the latter part of October in New England for the temperature of the early part of June.

We were in the Tropic of Cancer. It seemed like a new world. Never before had we looked upon such a sky. There was no stratification in the clouds, and nothing of the cumulus formation; but the surface of the sky was composed of innumera-

ble fleecy things, moving in the gentlest manner, as though they feared to disturb slumber. The gentle motion was just the thing to induce sleep. As we thought of the turbulent state of the elements the day before, the sky now looked like an army which had been dismissed. There was not wind enough to form a cloud. The hammock was made fast, one end of it to an iron belaying pin in the saddle of the mizzenmast, in the shade of the spanker, and the other end to the rail. A hammock meets you at every point with the needed support. It brought strange sensations of rest to lie and listen to the splashing of the water against the sides of the ship. The measured roll of the vessel now was pleasurable. There was an easy swing to the hammock as though a considerate hand were keeping it moving. How much better this rest and peace than traveling in Switzerland, or being pent up in the Azores, or wandering through Italy, if one needs rest and at the same time change of place. To an over-worked brain, here is seclusion indeed. There is here no post-office with its delivery five times a day, so welcome on shore; no newspapers, no door-bell, no agents soliciting attention to new works, and

begging you to put your name down and accept a copy, no succession of engagements,

"no cares to break the long repose,"

no crowd of passengers, no daily calculation as to the day of arrival, nor jar of machinery as in a steam-boat, making you feel day and night that somebody is laboriously at work; and to crown all, seemingly no end to your vacation.

But those clouds in the tropics! You had thought, perhaps, heretofore that only at night the heavens declare the glory of God. Perhaps you find that the book which you brought on deck to read, but which you have no desire to open, may have in it a fly-leaf on which, as you lie in the hammock with one knee raised for a writing-table, you may indite these dreamy lines:

CLOUDS IN THE TROPICS.

Did we not think o'er ocean's restless plain,
To see embattled hosts and feel the affray?
But lo! a truce is here and gala day;
Nor lines of march, nor rank and file remain.
The fleecy clouds move o'er the tranquil plain
And fling their trade wind signals to the breeze,
To Capricorn from Cancer, realm of peace!
They seek no martial order to regain,
But take some fancied likeness, one by one,
Or shape themselves in wizard groups of things;
No haste nor deep designs, no jostling crowds.
The hosts are going home, their service done.
What sense of power the wide spread quiet
brings!
In calms or storms "His strength is in the
clouds."

The charm of sea life in a sailing vessel I found to be constant occupation of the mind without wearying it. At first it seemed a duty to read the periodicals which we brought with us, the new books reserved for the voyage, the choice articles in the quarterlies which had been commended to us. But for these we found no time. What charm could there be in Dante when a school of porpoises was in sight? each of them leaping out of water just for the pleasure of the dive back. If the mate called down the companion way, "A sail on the lee beam!" the paper folder must keep the place in the uncut volume till you know all

about her. It would be tedious waiting at a corner of a street ten minutes for a horse car, but it was pleasant to wait an hour and forty minutes to come up with the stranger ahead, gaining upon her all the time, meanwhile watching the flying fish which the ship started on the wing, or going forward into the bows and looking over to see the ship dash through the waves with "a bone in her mouth," till suddenly the main-top gallant sail splits, and so fulfills the expectation expressed for the last five days that it could not long survive; and now, as it is the change of watch, and all hands are on deck, what could be more interesting than to see twenty-eight of them take in the old sail and bend the new one, then line the side of the ship with their curious faces to inspect the barque which we have now overtaken. She is the "Doon of Ayr," 106 days from Japan for New York, and, as she was tacking, we came so near that one might throw a biscuit on board. The captains of the barque and the ship had time for a few words of inquiry and information; then the two wanderers on the deep parted company and watched each other for half an hour, and sighted each other, no doubt, occasionally, for an hour and a half, till each became to the other a speck. You have long ago forgotten your book, your journal, and magazine. This event and its many interludes are more interesting to you than a battle in Lord Derby's Homer; it is practical life; you begin to feel that everything which you enjoy will be without the intrusion of periodical engagements, and you feel surprised that no such engagements now demand your thoughts.

Meeting or passing vessels at a distance, exchanging signals, making out their numbers, brings remote parts of the earth suddenly to mind. Thus new trains of thought succeed each other entirely disconnected. I always enjoyed exercise on horseback for one principal reason, that on horseback you cannot long pursue one train of thought. Your conjunctions are disjunctive. If you

purpose to make out your evening lecture on horseback, your attention is so frequently taken by something in the road, or by the action of the horse, that you probably come home without any connected plan. So at sea. The occasional sight of a sail is an illustration of the charm of sea life, as having complete possession of your thoughts without leaving you long at liberty to pore over a subject. If you meet a Norwegian barque, and the captain tells you he is twenty-four days from Buenos Ayres, there is Norway and Buenos Ayres for your medita-

tion, and perhaps for your statistical and geographical inquiry. If the *Queen of the Pacific*, eighty-seven days from Macao for London, comes in sight, there is another chapter in the world's great miscellany. That sail yonder proves to be the *Hungarian*, of Saguenay, twenty-one days out, bound to Melbourne with lumber. You have another illustration of commerce binding together the ends of the earth. You soon excuse those friends of yours at home who commiserated you on the prospect of a long, monotonous sea voyage.—*Congregationalist*.

THE ORIGIN OF GEYSERS.

The Geyser is a new, and perhaps the most remarkable feature in our scenery and physical history. It is found in no other countries but Iceland and Thibet. The geysers of the country last named are inconsiderable, when compared with either those of Iceland, or the Fire Hole of Madison Basin; and those of Iceland, even, dwindle into insignificance by the side of those of the Madison. Until the discovery of the Madison geysers, there were but two of any note known to the world,—the Great Geyser and the Strokr of Iceland. The phenomena presented by these have been sufficient, at various periods during the last century, to invite the personal investigation of some of the most distinguished of European savans. Von Troil, Stanley, Ohlsen, Hooker, MacKenzie, and, at a later day, Bunsen, have visited Iceland for the purpose of witnessing these aqueous eruptions, and forming some satisfactory conclusion relative to the causes in which they originate.

The theory published by Sir George MacKenzie, that the outbursts were produced by the pressure on the air contained in cavernous recesses under ground for many years received the sanction of the scientific word. The periods intervening between the eruptions of the Great Geyser of Iceland have been very irregular until within the past forty or fifty

years, since when it has generally projected a small jet to the height of twenty feet every two hours, and a large one to the height of eighty feet every six hours. MacKenzie's theory was that there were two subterranean cavities connected with the main pipe, one much deeper and larger than the other, which rapidly filled with water after each eruption, and that the pressure of the vapors upon them produced these periodic explosions.

Ingenious as this theory appeared to be, it was dissipated by the experiments made upon water by M. Donny, of Ghent. He discovered that water long boiled became more and more free from air, by which its molecular cohesion is greatly increased, and that, when it is exposed to a heat sufficient to overcome the force of cohesion, the production of steam is so instantaneous and so considerable as to cause explosion. Bunsen ascribes the eruption of the geysers to this cause. He found the water at the bottom of the well of the Great Geyser to be of a constantly increasing temperature up to the moment of an eruption. On one occasion it was as high as 261 degrees Fahrenheit. His idea is that, on reaching some unknown point above that temperature, ebullition takes place, vapor is suddenly generated in enormous quantities, and an eruption of the superior column of water

is the consequence. The geysers of the Madison exhibit precisely the same physical features, and doubtless originated in the same causes. They are surrounded, too, as are those of Iceland, by innumerable springs of hot water. The bursting of a column into millions of particles, resembles an explosion more than a mere eruption; and the vast clouds of vapor which enshroud them and mingle with them in their ascent, sometimes give an appearance of bulk to the upper part of the columns much greater than their real magnitude.—*Scribner's Monthly*.

Being Drowned.

Some extraordinary mental phenomena occur in drowning. As soon as respiration is stopped by the drawing of water into the lungs, consciousness is immediately suspended. From all that can be gathered in regard to the action of the heart, that organ probably acts, but feebly, a considerable time after the function of respiration is suspended. By muscular force arterial blood is driven outwardly to the head faster than the veins bring it back, and consequently the mind is plunged, as it were, into profound sleep; for the loss of consciousness results from a sudden apoplexy induced by an extra accumulation of blood in the delicate texture of the brain. When the pulsations of the heart stop, then the tension of the muscles relax; and if no efforts of resuscitation are made, vital heat diminishes gradually, and the next change is an expansion of compressed gases in cavities of the body, due to the first process of chemical decomposition. If the body, however, is recovered immediately, even though respiration and the circulation are quiescent, it is possible to re-establish the movement of the blood by artificial inflation of the lungs, vigilantly continued for a while. The trial is not always successful, but so encouraging that the prospect demands the utmost perseverance. With the revived action

of the heart, the moment the lungs begin to take in oxygen from the air forced into them, life begins to return. So it is admitted by the psychological philosophers that the soul is won back, if it had gone, in the act of restoration; or else it is morally certain its departure at death is a gradual process, which may be interrupted, and re-imprisoned in the brain by human effort and skill.

God Geometrizing.

A pleasant writer tells of a Texas gentleman who had the misfortune to be an unbeliever. One day he was walking in the woods, reading the writings of Plato. He came to where that great writer uses the phrase, "God geometrizing." He thought to himself—If I could only see plan and order in God's works, I could be a believer. Just then he saw a little "Texas star" at his feet. He picked it up and thoughtlessly began to count its petals. He found there were five. He counted the stamens and there were five of them. He counted the divisions at the base of the flower; there were five of them. He then set about multiplying these three fives to see how many chances there were of a flower being brought into existence without the aid of mind, and having in it these three fives. The chances against it were one hundred and twenty-five to one. He thought that was very strange. He examined another flower and found it the same. He multiplied one hundred and twenty-five by itself to see how many chances there were against there being two flowers each having these exact relations of numbers. He found the chances against it were thirteen thousand six hundred and twenty-five to one. But all around him were multitudes of these little flowers; they had been growing and blooming there for years. He thought this showed the order of intelligence, and that the mind that ordained it was God. And so he shut up his book and picked up the little flower and kissed

it, and exclaimed: "Bloom on, little flowers; sing on, little birds; you have a God and I have a God; the God that made these little flowers made me."—*Bright Side.*

The Best Book.

If we do no more than take a superficial view of the Bible, and just snatch a few fragments of truth from it, even this is better than its utter neglect.

But this is not the way to gather from the Sacred Word these treasures of knowledge which it will yield. We must not read it, but study it: we must not cast a hasty glance upon it, but meditate upon it deeply with fixed attention, with full purpose of heart, with all the energy of our minds, if we desire to become masters of the treasures of revelation. And I am sure that Scripture, thus diligently studied, read, marked, learned, and inwardly digested, and read, too, with prayer for the influence of the Holy Spirit, will furnish us with new light, open to us new views, and will appear to us in itself in a new character, adorned with a variety of beauties, with an emphasis of expression, with a power, a vigour, and an appropriateness to our own needs, and with a harvest of divine instruction and cogent truth, never yielded to its careless cultivation. I have known men, and men of good understanding, who have been induced to read the Bible, and who have protested that they could make nothing of it, that they could not comprehend it; no wonder: it is a sealed book to those who neither ask nor receive the Holy Spirit.

An astronomer looks at the face of the heavens through a telescope, spangled with stars and planets, and sees a harmony, an order, a profuse display of power and wisdom. An ordinary man surveys the same sky with a naked eye, and observes nothing of all this; he has not the instrument; he wants the telescope which would reveal the wonders of the heavens to him. And so it is in reading the Bible: if a man looks at it with naked, unassisted reason, he sees

little and learns nothing; he wants the instrument, the Holy Spirit, to guide his inquiries, to enlighten his understanding, to teach his heart.

But if some read the Bible, and learn nothing, others read it and learn but little. They begin without prayer, and they end without meditation. They read, but they do not inwardly digest; while others embrace its truths, seize and secure its treasures, and, to use the figure of Scripture, receive the engrafted word which is able to save their souls.—*Sir T. Fowell Buxton's Life.*

A Murderous Sea Flower.

One of the exquisite wonders of the sea is called the opelet, and is about as large as the German aster, looking indeed, very much like one. Imagine a very large double aster, with ever so many long petals of a light green, flossy as satin, and each one tipped with rose color. These lovely petals do not lie quietly in their places, like those of the aster in your garden, but wave about in the water, while the opelet generally clings to a rock. How innocent and lovely it looks on its rocky bed! Who would suspect that it would eat anything grosser than dew or sunlight? But those beautiful waving arms, as you call them, have use besides looking pretty. They have to provide for a large open mouth which is hidden down deep amongst them—so well hidden that one can scarcely find it. Well do they perform their duty, for the instant a foolish little fish touches one of the rosy tips, he is struck with poison as fatal to him as lightning. He immediately becomes numb, and in a moment stops struggling, and then the other beautiful arms wrap themselves around him, and he is drawn into the huge greedy mouth, and is seen no more. Then the lovely arms unclose, and wave again in the water, looking as innocent and harmless as though they had never touched a fish.

The thousand and one temptations that drag men and women down to death are like the sea flower mentioned above.

An Important Cargo.

A remarkable cargo was lately brought to San Francisco, by the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's Steamship *Alaska*, being not less than 3,500 tons of tea from China and Japan—net weight about 2,500,000 lbs. The tea used in the United States amounts to some 42,000,000 lbs. per annum, so that this one steamer has thus brought into this port about one-twentieth of our whole consumption of this leaf. This great and valuable cargo, which a few years ago would have come to us by way of the Cape of Good Hope, and reached us only after a tedious and dangerous sea-voyage, comes now in a few weeks from Hong Kong to San Francisco, and in a few days from that port to New York. At least a considerable part of it is to be sent to this port. Forty-five thousand two hundred and eight packages of tea and 260 packages of silk are to come over the Pacific Railroads from San Francisco. The cost in China and Japan of such a cargo as the *Alaska* has brought in, was probably not less than eight hundred thousand dollars; it may have reached a million, in gold. Its value in this country, including freight, insurance, duties, and exchange, is probably a million and a half, in currency. But the *Alaska* has also brought raw silk; and if she carried as much of this as her predecessor in the same line, this would add another half million to the value of her cargo. It is probable that her cargo is the most valuable that has ever been brought by a Pacific mail steamer; and it is a curious evidence of the change which the completion of the trans-continental railroad line has wrought in the commerce of the world, that we should thus receive, in a single vessel, one-twentieth of our whole annual consumption of tea. How long will it be before Western Europe will find it more profitable to buy tea and silk from China and Japan by way of San Francisco and New York, than by way of either Cape Horn or the Cape of Good Hope?

(For the Sailors' Magazine.)

Our Old Sailors and their Home.

BY REV. CHARLES J. JONES.

In an enumeration of the sources of national wealth and position, it would be difficult to place too high an estimate on the importance of our sailors. No numbers can represent these, into which their influence does not enter as a factor. The efficiency and usefulness of our seamen, however, is owing, mainly, to two things, viz., First, they are numerous and so widely scattered, and secondly, they are for the most part young men; men of energy and enterprize, in the full vigor of their early manhood. They are, consequently, powerful agents either for good or for ill wherever they go. And, more than this, they are the representatives of our civilization and of our religion among the heathen. These facts must press with great power on the Church of God, as incentives to her earnest and active efforts for their evangelization. Among sailors, the young, vigorous, active man is the rule; the aged grey-beard, the exception.

We need not go far for a reason for this state of things. A moment's reflection, on the hazardous nature of their calling, will account for this, even if the perils of the sea alone are considered. But in addition to these, exposure to disease in foreign climes, and to unseen calamities both at sea and on shore growing out of his own recklessness, and his own unrestrained appetites and passions, all tend to enhance the danger of the sailor, and to bar his approach to old age. The statistics of mortality among these ocean wanderers, show that the average of human life in their calling, is not more than twenty-eight years, and the average of life, actually spent in sea service, is limited to twelve and a half years. This then will account for the absence of the old sailors from the ships and wharves and boarding-houses. The demand is for young men. And if by reason of strength of constitution, or by providential preservation, a sailor lives to grow old, he is likely to be

pushed aside—like the aged minister—to make room for a younger and more active man.

Is it not then a great blessing to those aged men of the sea—who have not only survived the perils of their vocation, but have also outlived their usefulness to the ship, that so noble an institution as the Sailors' Snug Harbor, located on the North shore of Staten Island—has been provided by Christian benevolence, as a retreat for their declining years? Surely, God must have put it into the heart of that generous sailor—and merchant prince—Captain ROBERT RICHARD RANDAL, by whose royal munificence these veterans enjoy the comforts of a quiet home in their old age—to dedicate his wealth to so benevolent a purpose.

It is not often that one man, in the use of his own private means, is privileged to be the almoner of the Divine bounty to so large a number of men for so many years, as was the founder of this well-endowed Institution. For thirty-seven years its doors have been thrown open for the reception of aged, decrepit, and worn-out seamen. During this period, seventeen hundred and eighty-seven men have enjoyed its hospitalities, among whom are some, now living, who came to the Harbor thirty years ago. The number of inmates at this time is about four hundred, some of them venerable, intelligent, devout men; sedate, self-poised, and gentlemanly; noble specimens of the sailors of by-gone days, before the introduction of iron or steam. Here are men who have toiled and lived in the fore-castle, and men who have walked the quarter-deck of their own ships. The cook and the steward, the officer and the foremast-man—without distinction of rank or color—are provided for. Food and clothing, medical attendance and religious instruction are meted out to them that they may enjoy the life that now is, and look forward, with hope, to the life which is to come.

The present Governor, Captain THOMAS MELVILLE, under whose

supervision all the affairs of the Institution are conducted, is an efficient and worthy man, and is well adapted to the position he holds. Himself a sailor, having passed through the hawse-hole to the captain's cabin, he well knows the men over whom he presides. Gentlemanly in his deportment, even-handed and impartial in his discipline, efficient and economical in his administration, he has the confidence of the Trustees whom he serves, and the respect of the inmates for whose comfort he provides. Since he became Governor the improvement in the appearance of the buildings and grounds, and the general orderly appearance and good conduct of the men, give ample evidence of both his ornamental taste and of his practical ability. But, death is thinning the ranks of the Harbor men, and he who would see these aged mariners—these links between the present and the past—must not delay.

"They are passing away
To the great Judgment-day."

Within a few days the two oldest men in the Institution have been transferred to the Snug Harbor above: one—JOHN WEBSTER—at the age of 94, and the other—JACOB MORRIS, a colored man—at the age of 103. Besides being the oldest men in the Institution, these were both remarkable men in their way. Both were in active membership with the M. E. Church, both had been earnest, active and intelligent workers in the Kingdom of Christ. WEBSTER was for years largely interested in the cause of missions, and in the labors of the Sabbath School. MORRIS, though a sailor, had been a preacher of righteousness—of the type of LEMUEL HAYNES, the famous colored preacher of New Hampshire—for many years; having been ordained by the Venerable Nathan Bangs. Both these men retained their faculties and their faith bright to the last, their hopes growing brighter as they drew nearer to the darkness of the grave. Both died in July, within a

few days of each other, and both sleep together side by side in the quiet Cemetery of the Institution—and when “all hands are called” to Judgment, they will rise together to meet the Lord in the air.

The necrology of the Harbor shows that from March, 1834, to the close of July, 1871, nine hundred of the inmates have died. The sum of their ages was 56,816 years—an average of over sixty-three years and three months to each man.

How wide spread the benefits of this noble charity have been, may be seen from the fact that, of the 900 who died since its inception, 497 were born in the U. S., 224 in the Kingdom of Great Britain (England 104, Ireland 72, Scotland 35 and Wales 13), in France 12, Sweden 38, Norway 20, Denmark 19, Prussia 22, Germany 19, Holland 7, West India Islands 7, British America 5; Russia, Portugal and Cape de Verdes, three each; Africa, Italy, Finland, Malta, the Azores, East Indies and the Isle of Man, two each; Spain, Switzerland, Belgium, Greece, Madeira, the Shetland Isles and at sea, one each.

Surely, the trustees and officers of an Institution so well endowed, so useful, so beneficial, so wide-spread in its influences and blessings to so large and important a class of men, are entitled to, and should have the interest, the sympathies and the prayers of all good men.

(For the Sailors' Magazine.)

Captain Moore—Grand Old Man.

It was not my privilege ever to have been acquainted with Capt. Moore, nor did I hear of the man, until I met with a noble tribute to his character, in the July No. of the *American Presbyterian Review*. In the second article of that number there is a remarkable reference to him. The author, Rev. Dr. Dickinson, is noticing the lives and characteristics of Dr. Wilson and Mr. Barnes, Pastors of the First Presby-

terian Church of Philadelphia, and it falls in his way to refer to certain elders of the Church and members of the Session. Capt. Moore calls forth a noble tribute, as follows:—

“And Captain Moore, who had brought with him into the Church the sanctified qualities of a brave and generous old sea-captain—voyaging with his eye steadily on the compass, heaven bound,—whose memory I revere; for when it occurred to him that I might be diverted from my course by the number of social invitations I was daily receiving, and injuriously affected by the seductive charms of popular applause—called to see me; asked for a private interview; told me what he conceived to be my spiritual danger, and aimed, by prayer, as well as by a word in season, to put me on my guard. Grand old man! would that all elders were as faithful. How much better would it be for both ministers and churches!”

This is a high compliment to departed worth and Christian character, and I hardly know which most to admire the grand old man, or the young minister, who had the good sense and piety to receive the gentle warning. Few are such men as Captain Moore, who would go and in the proper manner administer the kindly reproof. It required “the wisdom of the serpent and harmlessness of the dove,” to do such an act, in just the right manner, and then it required the humility and piety of a Timothy, not to resent the reproof. Not all your ministers would have had the magnanimity thus to acknowledge an act of this nature and profit by it. Would there were more such spiritual mentors, whose wise counsels and salu-

tary advice, might save young ministers and old ones from disgracing their profession, and bringing reproach upon their Master's cause.

S. C. DAMON.

Honolulu, August 1, 1871.

(For the Sailors' Magazine.)

Needs and Claims of the Sailor.

The sailor has great needs and pressing necessities, and he presents such claims upon us as the Christian public should not for a day ignore. As the Mayor of New York remarked at the laying of the corner-stone of a new Seamen's Exchange in that city, "to-day a tribute commences which it is only the right of the sailor to expect. The sailor should be everybody's ward, and everybody should be his guardian.

1. The sailor needs appreciation at the hands of the American people. The sailor is a man, and he needs to be valued as a man. He is, in fact, far more than a common man. He is a double man. He will do the work of two men; he is twice as generous as common men; he is twice as unselfish as most of the men you meet on shore; and while he devotes his life to you on the land, he will risk it for you on the sea, and often freely die that you may live. He may dress in rough attire, he may have an unpolished exterior, but "a man's a man for all that," and he needs that we shall so regard him.

2. The sailor needs, on the sea, good officers, good books to read, kind treatment, a chance to improve his mind, an occasional opportunity, at least, to pray, and such influences about him as recognize the fact that he is an immortal being, destined to exist when suns and stars have expired; and on the land he needs a good Christian boarding-house, or sailor's home, with an active Christian man at the head of it, who will take the lead in the devotions of his sailor family, conduct them to church, bring them to the reading-room, keep their home well

heated and well lighted, make it cosy, comfortable and attractive, give them excellent board at a moderate price, and secure to the sailor such a true home as shall draw him from places of evil influence, and cause him to look forward to that home when on distant seas, as he looks forward to Heaven itself.

3. The sailor needs a good church in the neighborhood of his home. He needs a good reading-room which shall be provided with books, papers and all the materials for letter-writing, free to every sailor; and he needs a seamen's exchange, where the men of the sea may congregate, exchange their views, talk over their voyages, and lay their plans for future labor.

Such are the needs of the sailor this day. And if he needs these advantages, then he has a claim for them all. And, moreover, if he has a claim for them against any one, then he has a rightful claim for them against us. O, how great, how comprehensive, how constant, are the sailor's claims upon us! We are all indebted to him. While we sleep, he wakes and watches, and exposes life itself. While we are warm, he faces the cold blast, is hungry, is weary, is frozen by the fierce wintry storm. O, feel for the sailor, give him your sympathy, your appreciation, your material aid, your earnest prayers, and the blessing of the sailor's Lord shall be yours.

E.

(For the Sailors' Magazine.)

The Eastburn Mariners' Bethel, Philadelphia.

This Bethel, at present under the pastoral care of Rev. D. H. Emerson, D.D., is remarkably prosperous. The regular church services are largely attended; the week day meetings and the Sabbath school are well sustained, and increasing in spirituality, in numbers and in interest. The building at Front and Union streets will soon prove too contracted if God continues to bless them. We had the privilege recently, of attending a Sabbath afternoon

service in the Eastburn Bethel. Several persons were admitted to membership. Among them was a sailor from Denmark, one from Sweden, a Hollander, a Frenchman and an Englishman. The communion service followed. There seemed to us on this occasion a peculiar significance and force of meaning in the administration of the elements, Jesus—the blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, typified in the wine as a cleansing, purifying process, applied to the hearts of these strangers and foreigners, as to our own sinful natures to remove all sin, never seemed more efficacious and real.

The missionary aspect of the Bethel service was beautifully illustrated by the above incident.

The seamen converted to God in these Bethels go forth unto all regions of the earth as missionaries, and in this way is to be brought about the promised conversion of the “abundance of the sea” unto God.

As one of the results of the labors put forth in the Eastburn Bethel, in connection with the Sailors' Home, more than two hundred seamen from all parts of the earth have signed the temperance pledge within twelve months, and very few of these hardy sons of the ocean have broken their solemn vows.

As another result of labor in this church, at least fifty seamen have, during the same period, been converted to God. Many converted seamen, as a consequence of God's blessing upon this Bethel, are laboring as sailor-missionaries on land and sea. God is doing a great work in our city among thousands of intelligent seamen who throng our shores.

The new church edifice is quite attractive for seamen, their families and friends. The managers provide free pews, a free reading room, which is well supplied with free paper, pens, ink and envelopes, free music, free preaching, free prayer-meeting, a free Sunday school twice each Sabbath for all who desire to attend.

Men from all parts of the world frequent this church, and often the

thrilling scene is presented of a prayer-meeting in the reading room, started suddenly by pious sailors from distant countries, who sing and pray in their own Swedish, Danish or Norwegian language, and thus can sing the Lord's song in a strange land.

“Come just as you are.”

Oh the unnaturalness of our natural hearts even to our own good! We are pitiful objects of charity; all fulness is in Christ, and may be had for the going for; and yet, as though He wanted clients, He is fain to make proclamation, “Ho! every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money.” “If any man thirst, let him come to me, and drink.” Great things are proffered; and what is the price? Nothing; it is but “Come and take.” Yet this nothing will be found to be something; yea, a thing of the greatest moment and difficulty. It is one of the hardest matters under the sun to become nothing—nothing in ourselves—and to fly directly to Christ, that we may be something; but to go even to Him for this.

Had the prodigal deferred his return till he had clothes on his back, and a visage more like the son of such a father, rags must still have been his clothing and husks his entertainment. Do but consider how it is: Jesus Christ calls you, because you are blind, to come to him for eye-salve; and you will not go till you can see better. You are naked, and He calls you to come and receive change of raiment; and you will not go until you are better arrayed. He offers you gold—for He knows your poverty—and you will not take it till you have money of your own to give for it. It is free grace in redemption that is to be glorified; but something of your own would lessen your need of Christ, and lower your esteem of His grace. Nay, it would be a means of keeping you from Him, as farms and oxen kept those full guests from the wedding supper.

Consider further: no man was ever accepted of Christ for what he

brought to Him. They are most welcome that bring nothing and yet accept all things. What did you give to Christ or what did you for Him, or ever can do, that might move Him to die for you—yea to be made sin and a curse for you? Did He go into hell to fetch you thence and pawn His precious soul for your ransom? and can you think that He will stick at petty matters? He knows we have nothing, and would have us know that He hath all things for us; and, for our invincible encouragement, that all things are ours in a way of right, as He has purchased them for us.

I shall add but one consideration more, namely, whether your keeping off from Christ until you are fit for His presence be the way to better your state. Search and see whether something like pride be not at the bottom; something you would have ere you come, that might render you acceptable; and that you can have only from Him; and you cannot have it but by coming without it. Redemption hath in it infinite treasures of what we want; and our Redeemer is infinitely more pleased to give them than we are to receive them. Think therefore, you are always hearing that joyful sound, "Come unto me, all ye that labor, and are heavily laden, and I will give you rest," and "him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out."—*Coles on God's Sovereignty.*

The Safe Pilot.

A ship was coming into port with a valuable cargo of precious merchandise on board, and a still more valuable freight of precious lives. When nearing their destined port, a heavy storm arose. There was no hope for her, except she should reach the harbor before the heaviest fury of it fell upon her. But, alas! her pilot was an incompetent one. He did not know the waters through which he proposed to lead them. Their peril was seen from the shore, and soon a pilot-boat, with a few resolute men on board, set out through the stormy sea to come to their rescue. Soon a

new pilot was on the deck, the old one displaced, and the men assigned to their various posts. The captain took the wheel, and followed implicitly the directions of the new leader.

The ship was headed directly towards the foaming breakers.

"Shall I put her about?" cried the captain.

"Steady," was the calm reply; and in a moment more came the order, "About ship!" The ship sailed steadily through a narrow pass, between two sunken rocks, and soon all danger was over, and the vessel safely anchored in the harbor.

Oh, what a crowding about that noble pilot, who had risked his life to come to them—who had guided them so steadily, safely through the storm and the breakers! The captain left the wheel, and threw his arms about him in a transport of gratitude. The passengers and crew were all eager to grasp his hand, and testify by words and gifts their gratitude to one who had saved them from death.

Do you not think in the last day there will be such a gathering about the Great Pilot of souls, who has brought his chosen ones safe into the heavenly harbor? Do you think they can ever forget that he not only risked, but gave his life to rescue them? We must begin this song of loving gratitude on earth, if we would share in the blessed joy of Christ's ransomed ones in heaven.

The Sailor's Safety.

A Minister who lived near the seashore was preaching one day to a congregation in which were several sailors who had just been shipwrecked, and had narrowly escaped drowning. He spoke of the danger to which our souls are exposed of being lost forever on account of our sins, and compared sinners to drowning men, who catch at anything to save them. When he compared Jesus to a plank floating on the waters for the drowning men to lay hold of, he told them how safe those were who laid hold of this plank, for, "O my friends!" said he, "this plank bears—this plank bears!"

One of those sailors was converted by the sermon he heard that day. Fourteen years afterward the minister was called to see a dying sailor. It was the same man who had been led to become a Christian by the sermon just spoken of. He thanked the minister for that sermon, and especially for what he said about Jesus as "the plank that bears."

"Those words," said he, "have been a great comfort to me ever since. And now I die in peace, because I know that this plank bears." Those were the last words that he spoke. Clinging closely to this plank, he was landed safely on the heavenly shore beyond the reach of storms or dangers. And here we see how that good minister, like the air, was supporting life when he preached Jesus to those sailors, and spoke of Him as "the plank that bears."

The Man who thought He Never Prayed.

The Rev. Mr. Kilpin passed a very profane man, and having omitted to rebuke him, he awaited him in the morning in the same place.

When he approached, Mr. Kilpin said:

"Good-morning, my friend; you are the person I have been waiting for."

"Oh! sir," said the man, "you are mistaken, I think."

"I do not know you, but I saw you last night when you were going home from work, and I have been waiting some time to see you."

"Sir, you are mistaken; it could not have been me. I never saw you in my life before, that I know of."

"Well, my friend," said Mr. Kilpin, "I heard you pray last night."

"Now, I assure you that you are mistaken; I never prayed in all my life."

"Oh!" said Mr. Kilpin, "if God had answered your prayer last night you had not been seen here this morning. I heard you pray that God would destroy your eyes and ruin your soul."

The man turned pale, and, trembling, said:

"Do you call that prayer? I did, I did!"

"Well, then, my errand this morning is to request you from this moment to pray as fervently for your salvation as you have done for damnation; and may God in mercy hear your prayer."

The man from that time became an attendant on Mr. Kilpin's ministry, and it ended in his early conversion to God.

Five Steps to the Gallows.

A man had committed murder, was tried, found guilty, and condemned to be hung. A few days before his execution, upon the wall of his prison he drew a gallows, with *five steps* leading up to it.

On the first step he wrote, *Disobedience to Parents*. Solomon says, "The eye that mocketh at his father, and despiseth to obey his mother, the ravens of the valley shall pick it out, and the young eagles shall eat it;" that is, he shall perish by a violent death, he shall come to a miserable, wretched end.

On the second step he wrote, *Sabbath-breaking*. God, in His command, said, "Remember the Sabbath-day, to keep it holy." Visit your prisons and jails, and you will find that nine-tenths of its inmates have begun their downward course by breaking this command.

On the third step he wrote, *Gambling and Drunkenness*. The late Dr. Nott, having been a close observer of human events, truly says, "The finished gambler has no heart. He would play at his brother's funeral, he would gamble upon his mother's coffin."

Several years ago, a youth was hung for killing his little brother. When on the gallows, the sheriff said, "If you have anything to say, speak now, for you have only five minutes to live." The boy, bursting into tears, said, "I have to die. I had only one little brother; he had beautiful blue eyes and flaxen hair, and I loved him. But one day I got drunk, for the first time in my life, and coming home I found him gathering strawberries in the garden. I be-

came angry with him without a cause, and I killed him at one blow with a rake. I did not know anything about it till the next morning when I awoke from sleep, and found myself tied and guarded, and was told that when my little brother was found his hair was clotted with his blood and brains, and he was dead. Whiskey has done this. It has ruined me. I never was drunk but once. I have only one more word to say, and then I am going to my final Judge. I say it to young people: Never, never, never, *touch anything that can intoxicate!*"

On the fourth step he wrote, *Murder*. God's command is, "Thou shalt not kill."

On the fifth step he wrote, *The Fatal Platform*. It is impossible for us to form a correct idea of the thoughts that must rush through the mind of a man under such circumstances; the disgrace and ignominy attached to his name; the pains and agony of such a death; the want of sympathy in the community around him; the fearful forebodings of his guilty soul at the bar of a holy God.

I was called, in the early part of my ministry, to write the confession of a murderer, and attend him on the gallows. His name was Moses Lyons. He, when drunk, murdered his wife. Being maddened by liquor,

he seized her by the hair, and jammed her head on the hearth until she was dead. Two men who were passing by, hearing her shrieks, rushed in and caught him in this murderous, brutal act. I visited him in jail from time to time, with a view of leading him to Christ. In his confession, he said, "She is dead. I must have done it, but I know nothing about it." His mind was so stupefied by rum, that under the evil spirit he committed this brutal, this horrid deed. Alluding to his parents, he says, "The advice of my dear parents to serve God I did not listen to. Oh, had I done so, I should not have come to this shameful end! They have gone to their graves—peace be to them. Could I visit the spot where they lie buried, I would bathe their graves with my tears." He had two daughters; when he spoke of them he wept aloud. After a long pause, he said, "I hope the world will not visit on them the iniquity of their father. Parents, bring up your children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord; set a good example before them; do not to them as I have done to mine. Children, obey your parents in the Lord; listen to their counsel and advice; look at me, and see my fate for not walking as my parents directed me." T. S.

OUR WORK.

CORRESPONDENCE, REPORTS, &c.

Odense, Denmark.

REV. MR. RYMKEK describes his work as follows, viz.: "I visit among the vessels in this harbor once a week, giving them tracts and offering them the scriptures. I talk with them as I have opportunity and grace to do, when time and means permit. I go to other sea-port places lying about twenty miles apart from each other and do the same work there. I hope that my labors are not in vain.

A cripple, by the loss of one of my legs, I am not able to travel long distances, and sometimes wish the Lord would give me another field of labor."

Talcahuano, Chile.

REV. J. A. SWANEY, D. D., reports: "I was too ill during the most of April to labor much, but no abatement of interest in our services was manifest.

Sunday, 2nd. In Talcahuano, in the evening, Captain Seabury read the scriptures to the people who assembled, and all the congregation joined with him in the Lord's prayer, and some of the songs of Zion were sung with good effect. There were 76 persons present—the largest congregation ever assembled in a protestant chapel in this town.

Sunday, 9th. I held brief services in the evening in Talcahuano—44 persons present.

Sunday, 16th. With some difficulty held two services in Talcahuano. At the first, the congregation numbered 32, and at the second, 26.

Sunday, 23rd. I preached in Concepcion to 20 persons—the largest English congregation we had ever had there; and in Talcahuano to 25 persons. This day, at the close of Sunday school, the first officer of a foreign vessel said: "This is the pleasantest hour I have spent since coming into the harbor; it has reminded me of home and has done me good."

Sunday, 30th. In Talcahuano, the noon congregation numbered 18, and that of the evening 42. The average attendance at Sunday school for the month was 16. During the month, 13 persons were lost from our congregation in Talcahuano, by removals to the United States; and by removals, in the same length of time, the Sunday school lost 12 scholars.

May, 1871. During this month, the average attendance at preaching in Talcahuano was 20; in Tomé, 7; and in Concepcion, 17. Average attendance at Sunday school, 10. I baptized 3 children in Tomé. Recently, a few Romanists have had a singular connection with my work.

June, 1871. The average attendance at preaching in Talcahuano was 26; in Tomé, 27; in Concepcion, 19; and at Sunday school in Talcahuano, 16. The Tomé congregation was larger than usual on account of the presence of an English captain and his crew—captain Kite, with whom I became acquainted during my Cal-lao chaplaincy.

I regret having to record the death of Mrs. MARGARET REESE, a useful member of my congregation in Tomé.

Mrs. REESE had Methodist Episcopal training in the United States, but lived about thirty years in Chile without church privileges. She received me cordially when I came to this field, and not only attended divine service, but aided the work in various ways. However, though possessing a good degree of wealth, she was not enjoying the consolation of religion. During her tedious affliction, her mind was brought to a good deal of spiritual anxiety. On my last visit to Tomé, she sent for me before I called at her house, to conduct religious services at her bedside. Later in the day, at her request, I administered to her the Lord's supper. Her long struggle of mind had not up to that time ended in peace; at the close of the solemn rite in memory of Christ's death, she made a great effort to speak, but was unable to do so. For weeks, she had had no means of making herself understood except by signs. Finding her tongue still silent, she raised her emaciated hands, and spelt out on her fingers, "happy!" and then the words "I think my prayers have been heard!" The family gave way to joyous weeping. Tears of gladness filled my own eyes, while this

glorious work of grace made me feel that it had been worth while toiling here to witness such a scene.

Pages of tracts distributed in April, May and June—3 months, 7,697; number of papers distributed in the same time: 1,454."

Labrador.

The following contains the last news received from the coast.

SALMON BAY, LABRADOR.

July 6, 1871.

The two Seamen's libraries, which I requested, reached me safely by one of the Newburyport vessels early in June. I thank you very much for them, and I assure you, the people for whom I requested them were highly gratified at their reception, and will be benefited by their perusal.

I left one of the boxes at Blances Gablons, and forwarded the other to the people of Red Bay who are very destitute of all kinds of good reading matter. I requested both parties to exchange libraries when read, and return them to the mission here.

We have many vessels here this season and they are all doing well with fish.

At the close of the summer I will give you fuller accounts of special work among the seamen, and for the present will conclude this brief and hasty note.

Yours, &c., in Christ Jesus,
THOMAS ROBINSON."

New Orleans, La.

Mr. PARKER, seamen's missionary, reports that during August, 1871, three meetings were held each Sunday, at the Bethel, and a prayer meeting every Thursday night.—

Two meetings have also been organized at private houses, two miles from the Bethel. His practice is to make appointments with sailors at the Bethel, and then go to the places of meeting together. A catholic woman who attended one of these meetings, has lately united with an evangelical church. There are three others who never fail of presence and of rising for prayer; one a young man from New York who has been a great drunkard. Various clergymen of the city officiate in the Bethel on Sunday evening. In August, he visited 50 ships and conversed with 200 sailors, besides calling upon 250 families and distributing many tracts. The Reading Room is open from 7 a. m. to 4 p. m. and is used by good numbers of those for whom it is provided. Arrangements have been made by Mr. Parker for preaching to the colored sailors, and supplying their boarding-houses with reading matter.

Boston, Mass.

At the Mariners' Church, a week ago last Sabbath, six sailors stood up for prayers, and manifested deep feeling. One of them, only twenty-three or four years old, said that he had been a wild boy, but on his return voyage, the vessel sprung a leak, and all on board were threatened with death. This crisis roused him to the fact that he was not ready to meet death, and made him think seriously of his course in life, and he wanted to change it by becoming a Christian. At the prayer-meeting on the following Tuesday evening, and also at the Baptist Bethel, sailors of various nationalities testified to their happiness in waging the Christian warfare, or to their desire

to be exchanged from the ranks of the enemy to those of Christ. To one of these, a Swede, who went to sea on the following morning, Capt. Bartlett committed the charge of a library, to help him in recommending his newly adopted principles to his shipmates. The American Seamen's Friend Society have over 3900 of these libraries afloat.

Buffalo, N. Y.

In August, Rev. P. G. Cooke, our Chaplain at this port, with his assistants, made 1,344 visits to vessels and boats, distributed 3,600 papers and 50 Bibles and Testaments, had an aggregate attendance at Chapel Services of 2,223, at Sabbath School of 1,378, besides reaching 900 persons at other meetings, on vessels, &c., and with others, 8,000 more. The month has given occasion, he says, for gratitude and encouragement both attendance and attention at preaching services having manifestly increased. So has the cordiality and welcome of masters and men on the vessels and boats. Often, now, they reply, when asked if they will take the papers offered—"that is just what we have been waiting for, are always glad to receive, and read with interest."

Sailors and Boatmen Ahead.

This is the title prefixed to the following statement, furnished by our Chaplain at Buffalo, N. Y.

"Sailors ahead?" "Yes," says the landsman, or critic. "I am aware that sailors are sometimes at the mast-head, but seldom ahead in any other respect, except it may be in crime, in sensuality, and in lawlessness, generally." Such is the

prevalent opinion in the community, concerning this class of men. Jack and the "canallers" have a hard name. And hence, although I have rarely seen a sailor or boatman intoxicated or engaged in a fight or row, since I entered upon the Bethel work, I took it for granted that a considerable portion of those convicted in our courts, of being "drunk and disorderly," were sailors and boatmen. Supposing that an examination would establish this view of the matter, and for the purpose, mainly, of supplying myself with facts and arguments for reproving and exhorting these men to turn from their evil ways, I recently applied to one of the city officials connected with the Police Department, for reliable information, and I must confess that I was most agreeably surprised by the showing of the following figures:

Of 1,400 convictions in the Police Court of this city, during the year ending Aug. 1st, 1871, only 156 were watermen, viz., 106 sailors and 50 boatmen—that is only about one in nine of those convicted of being "drunk and disorderly," and of lawlessness in its various forms, by our police court, before which nearly all such cases come, that are brought up by the police, were watermen. Now when it is considered that there are, at least, 1,000 arrivals of vessels and boats at this port, monthly, and that this fleet is manned by from 5,000 to 6,000 sailors and boatmen, it must be admitted that they are "ahead" of many other classes in sobriety and good conduct generally. And, although I have not had the opportunity of investigating the matter, I am quite sure that these figures and facts indicate a very decided improvement

in the morals and habits of watermen, as compared with ten or fifteen years since, a result brought about doubtless, principally, by the faithful labors of Bethel missionaries.

The Approaching Solar Eclipse.

An eclipse of the sun will occur on the eleventh of next December, which will be visible as a total one in India, Ceylon and Australia.—Preparations are being made to observe the astronomical event in a manner worthy of its great scientific importance. The British men of science are already commencing energetic action to make the most of the occasion. The astronomer royal is superintending the adaptation of instruments already in his possession for use in his chosen locality in India. The president of the royal society has arranged to have instruments of the newest and most approved kind sent to Australia. The President of the Scientific Association at the recent meeting, stirred up the members to vigorous action in order to gain all possible knowledge from the solar phenomenon. The Royal society of New South Wales is organizing an expedition to Cape Sidmouth to observe the event, and it is expected that a staff of observers from England will take possession of a fitting position in Ceylon. Government is to be petitioned for the means, which it will not fail to grant, and much enthusiasm and interest prevail among the British men of science who are determined to utilize the coming solar eclipse to add largely to the knowledge of solar physics. We are sure that our American astronomers, who earned great distinction by their observations during the last two solar eclipses, will not be behind the European co-workers in doing all that they can to aid the cause.

Obituary.

REV. JOHN MILES, extensively known as a preacher to seamen, died in Schenectady, Saturday, Sep. 9th.

He was for many years in charge of the Albany Bethel, where he labored with great acceptance and success. The *Schenectady Star*, noticing the death of the good old man, says:

"He often visited New York city, and always improved the opportunity to preach to the sailors, and few men were better calculated to interest this class, and none tried to do them more good. Among no class of people will his loss be more severely felt, or his death sincerely regretted than by these men who "go down into the sea in great ships." Mr. Miles was an Englishman by birth, and we believe belonged to what is known as the Wesleyan Methodist religious denomination. He leaves a wife to mourn his loss; we know nothing about any other member of the family, but have heard to-day that he has a son living. We shall miss his pleasant face, his hearty "good morning," honest shake of the hand, earnest and sincere "God bless you." We know, however, that death had no terrors for him. He had set his house in order and was waiting patiently, trustingly looking for the time of his departure, with the hope of a blessed immortality beyond the grave. He looked forward to his passage "over the river" with as much composure as he usually did to his contemplated journeys across the ocean."

Sailors' Home, 190 Cherry St.

MR. ALEXANDER reports two hundred and one arrivals for the month of August. These deposited with him \$2,407, of which \$1,024 were sent to relatives, and \$308 placed in the Savings' Bank. In the same time twenty-two went to sea from the HOME without advance, and five were sent to the hospital.

The HOME has been re-painted during the season, and through the kindness of Mr. H. H. Lloyd, and

Messrs. G. H. Colton & Co. has been provided with a beautiful set of maps for the Reading-Room. The whole interior appearance has been much improved and the entire establishment is in admirable condition.

Position of the Principal Planets for October, 1871.

MERCURY is a morning star during this month; is, on the morning of the 3rd at 5h. 36m., at its greatest Western elongation being $17^{\circ} 56'$; is in conjunction with **VENUS** on the morning of the 5th, at 3h. 24m., being $90^{\circ} 41'$ north; is in conjunction with the moon on the evening of the 12th, at 9h. 18m., being $3^{\circ} 17'$ South.

VENUS is also a morning star during this month; is in conjunction with the moon on the evening of the 11th at 10h. 3m. being $11^{\circ} 54'$ South; is stationary among the stars on the evening of the 14th, at 11h. 12m.

MARS is an evening star during the month crossing the meridian a little more than 2 hours after the sun; is in conjunction with the moon on the evening of the 17th, at 7h. 10m., being $2^{\circ} 2'$ South.

JUPITER is a morning star, is in conjunction with the moon on the afternoon of the 7th, at 4h. 31m. being $2^{\circ} 36'$ South, is in quadrature with the sun to the West, at 47m. past noon of the 22nd.

SATURN is an evening star, setting on the 15th $30^{\circ} 50'$ South of West at 9h. 18m.; is in conjunction with the moon on the morning of the 18th, at 4h. 38m., being $1^{\circ} 31'$ North.

N. Y. University.

R. H. B.

Total Disasters in August.

The number of vessels belonging to, or bound to or from ports in the United States, reported totally lost and missing during the past month, is 38, of which 22 were wrecked, 5 abandoned, 2 burnt, 2 sunk by collision, 4 foundered, and 3 are missing. They are classed as follows: 5 steamers, 3 ships, 7 barks, 6 brigs, 16 schooners, and 1 sloop, and their total value, exclusive of cargoes, is estimated at \$878,000.

Below is the list, giving names, ports whence hailing, destinations, &c. Those indicated by a *w* were wrecked, *a* abandoned, *b* burned, *sc* sunk by collision, *f* foundered, and *m* missing.

STEAMERS.

Wm. Tibbetts, *w*, from New York, for Salem.
Lodona, *w*, from New York, for New Orleans.
Mississippi, *w*, from New York, for New Orleans.
Wyoming, *f*, from New York, for Providence.
Linda, *w*, from Portland, for Yarmouth, N. S.

SHIPS.

Southampton, *b*, (At Liverpool).
Knight Errant, *a*, from Liverpool, for San Francisco.
Sam Cearns, *w*, from Liverpool, for San Francisco.

BARKS.

Alkmaar, *w*, from Pensacola, for Montevideo.
Lillie M., *f*, from Greenock, for Boston.
Malabar, *m*, from Philadelphia, for London.
Hilda, *w*, from New Orleans, for Bremen.
Iris, *w*, from Kingston, Ja., for Charleston.
Washington, *w*, (Fisherman).
Linda, *a*, from New York, for New Orleans.

BRIGS.

Josephine, *w*, from Portland, for St. John, N. B.
Cosmos, *m*, from Philadelphia, for Boston.
Crocus, *w*, from Boston, for Mobile.
S. & W. Welsh, *w*, from Cienfuegos, for Philadelphia.
Pomona, *w*, from Galveston, for New York.
H. C. Berry, *w*, from Cardenas, for N. of Hatteras.

SCHOONERS.

Sarah, *w*, from New York, for Waldoboro.
E. A. Conklin, *a*, from Boston, for Philadelphia.
Romp, *w*, from Plymouth, N. H., for Lubec.
Gen. Anderson, *w*, (Fisherman).
Favorite, *w*, (Fisherman).
Ocean Home, *w*, from St. John, N. B., for Boston.
Idaho, *m*, from Belt of Sky, for Ounalaska.
W. L. Dayton, *f*, from Georgetown, D. C., for Norfolk.
Juno, *b*, from Rockland, for New York.
W. B. Mann, *a*, from Jacksonville, for Philadelphia.
Sabina, *a*, from New York, for Jacksonville.
Chas. D. Hallock, *f*, from Elizabethport, for Plymouth, N. H.
S. S. Bickmore, *w*, for St. Mary's, Ga.
Talisman, *sc*, from New York, for Thomaston.
Kate, *sc*, from Port Johnson, for Gardiner.
Vigilant, *w*, from New York, for New Bedford.

SLOOP.

Hero, *w*, (At Fox Island, Me.).

Receipts for August, 1871,

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Campton, Cong. Society.....	\$27 88
Kensington, Pastor's Family.....	2 00
Orfordville, Cong. Society for lib'y.....	16 10

VERMONT.

Burlington, 1st Bap. church S. S.....	4 00
Lunenburg, Cong. Society.....	5 00
North Bennington, Cong. church S. S., bal. for lib'y.....	14 38
Peacham, Cong. church, to const. Rev. M. S. Dudley L. M.....	30 00
St. Albans, Cong. church.....	95 04
Waitesfield, Cong. church.....	11 38
M. E. church.....	5 50
West Barnett, Ref. Pres. church.....	9 08
West Rutland, Cong. church.....	26 01
Windsor, Cong. church.....	18 14

MASSACHUSETTS.

Amesbury and Salisbury, Un. church..	8 25
Becket, J. Jay Dana	5 00

Beverly, Dane St. church, add'l.....	2 70	Knowlesville, Bap. church.....	4 62
Washington St. church.....	28 83	Lakeville, Mrs. D. Bosby.....	5 00
Boston, Capt. Sanders, brig <i>A. Williams</i>	3 00	Leroy, Pres. church.....	25 50
Capt. Drake, bark <i>Stormy Petrel</i>	5 00	Livonia Station, Bap. church.....	12 54
Charlestown, Winthrop church, of		M. E. church.....	3 26
which for lib'y, \$20.....	54 00	Middletown, 1st Pres. church.....	31 55
Dalton, 1st Cong. church S. S., lib'y.....	20 00	New York, Capt. J. W. Wood, bark	
Dracut, George Taylor.....	2 00	<i>Snowden</i>	10 00
East Abington, Cong. Society, of which		Capt. A. Brown, brig <i>Shaster</i>	2 00
Abner Curtis, for lib'y., \$20; Dea.		Capt. T. Jones and crew, steamer	
R. J. Lane, for do., \$20; Washing-		<i>Benefactor</i>	5 00
ton Reed \$20. and S. S. \$20.....	120 60	H. P. M.....	5 00
East Douglass, Cong. Society, to const.		Fisk & Hatch.....	250 00
Luther Wing L. M.....	43 68	Ludlow Patton.....	5 00
Granby, Cong. Society.....	20 50	James Cruikshank.....	5 00
Harvard, Cong. Society.....	10 32	J. Frye.....	5 00
Hatfield, Cong. church.....	93 78	Edwin Mead.....	10 00
Newburyport, Ladies Bethel Society, to		W. S. Gilman.....	50 00
const. Master John Wells L. M.....	30 00	Zophar Mills.....	5 00
Phillipston, add'l.....	1 00	A. W. Benson.....	25 00
Rockport, Cong. Society.....	25 00	J. W. Kissam.....	2 00
Stoughton, Cong. Society.....	20 00	Gaylord Watson.....	10 00
Taunton, Winslow church, add'l.....	6 15	Chas. Morgan.....	10 00
Upton, Ellen M. Moore (tithe).....	1 75	P. Bartlett.....	10 00
Wareham, Cong. Society.....	38 56	Capt. Card, brig <i>Sea Bird</i>	5 00
		John Turner, for lib'y.....	20 00
RHODE ISLAND.		Capt. Wilbur, bark <i>Sappho</i>	15 00
Woonsocket, Rev. Mr. Douglas' Society	6 80	Orrisville, Pres. church.....	3 90
CONNECTICUT.		Pittsford, Pres. church, individuals... 7 75	
Berlin, Cong. church, lib'y.....	15 00	Hon. Jarvis Lord.....	10 00
Bridgeport, 2nd Cong. church.....	65 60	Randolph, Cong. church.....	10 98
Clinton, N. Stanton.....	10 00	Rochester, Mrs. Sally Gillett, to const.	
East Hartford, Cong. church, of wh. to		Franklin H. Merrell, New Hartford,	
const. Miss Mary E. Loomis L. M.,		Conn., L. M.....	30 00
\$30.....	58 68	Rye, W. P. Van Rennsalaer.....	50 00
Farmington, Cong church S. S., lib'y..	20 00	Spencerport, M. E. church.....	6 56
Goshen, Cong. church.....	34 45	Canal boat coll, by Mrs. Munson....	45
Mr. S. F. M. Doubleday, lib'y.....	15 00	Cong. church, of which to const.....	
Greenwich, Ed. Slosson.....	5 00	L. M.....	32 44
Frank Shepperd.....	5 00	Utica, Bap. church, per H. Armstrong..	5 00
Mrs. Eliz. R. Webb.....	5 00	Waterville, Pres. church.....	29 00
Hartford, Wethersfield Av. S. S., lib'y.	20 00		
Park Cong. church.....	36 62	NEW JERSEY.	
New Britain, So. Cong. church, to		Elizabeth, 2nd Pres. church.....	52 03
const. Geo. W. Andrews and Chaun-		PENNSYLVANIA.	
cey W. Wells L. M.....	66 63	Philadelphia, 4th Pres. church.....	80 00
New Haven, 1st Cong. church.....	116 43	CALIFORNIA.	
No. Cornwall, Cong. church.....	27 51	Mendocino, 1st Pres. church.....	100 00
So. Britain, Dr. N. C. Baldwin.....	10 00	San Francisco, Mariners' church.....	168 35
Stratford, Cong. church.....	76 60	1st Cong. church.....	110 00
Cong. church S. S., lib'y.....	20 00	Calvary church anniversary.....	74 85
Warren, Cong. church S. S., for lib'rs.		Union Ins. Co.....	50 00
and to const. N. B. Strong and Dea.		1st Pres. church.....	33 80
C. F. Swift, L. M.'s.....	60 75	London, Liverpool & Globe Ins. Co..	30 00
Woodbury, No. Cong. church, Mr G.		California Ins. Co.....	25 00
H. Atwood.....	2 00	Merchant's West. Marine Ins. Co.....	25 00
R. J. Allen, for lib'y for Kearsarge..	20 00	Rees & Erwin Mfg. Co.....	25 00
1st Cong. church, add'l.....	1 00	People's Ins. Co.....	21 25
" " S. S., lib'y.....	20 50	Macoudray & Co.....	20 00
NEW YORK.		Platt & Newton.....	20 00
Belle Isle, Pres. Church S. S., lib'y....	20 00	J. D. Fawell.....	20 00
Binghampton, Mrs. C. B. McKinney,		R. B. Swan.....	15 00
lib'y.....	20 00	Marcus C Hawley & Co.....	12 50
Brockport, Pres. church S. S., lib'y....	15 00	Ames & Dallain.....	10 00
Brooklyn (E. D.), So. 3rd St. Pres.		Hawley & Co.....	10 00
church.....	24 63	Nath'l. Gray.....	10 00
Buffalo, Pratt & Co., add'l.....	100 00	J. H. Stearns.....	10 00
Cassville, Bap. church.....	11 07	C. J. Jansen.....	10 00
Champlain, Pres. church.....	33 00	W. H. Stowell.....	10 00
Clayville, Pres. church.....	5 01	A. B. Forbes.....	10 00
Clinton, Pres. church S. S., lib'y.....	20 00	Charles Minturn.....	10 00
Coxsackie, 2nd Ref. church, of which		Peter Sather.....	10 00
Hon. H. P. Silvester, for lib'y, \$20.	36 49	Alsop & Co.....	10 00
Fultonville, M. E. church.....	3 02	Individuals.....	71 25
Greene, M. E. church.....	5 40		
Bap. church.....	8 65	WEST INDIES.	
Pres. church.....	3 38	Navassa Island, C. H. Keener.....	10 00
Hamilton, Bap. church.....	14 35		
Holley, Simon Harwood.....	1 00		



October, Published by the American Seamen's Friend Society, 80 Wall St., N.Y. 1871.

"HIS NAME IS FATHER."

I went to the lower part of the village the other day, at the request of a friend, to look up a family who had but recently arrived from the old country, and to see if I could get the children to attend our Sabbath school. Not knowing the name of the parents, I thought I would question the little children outside the gate. They were fine, healthy-looking boys, very neat and clean, though both were bare-headed and bare-footed; but they seemed playing merrily together.

"What is your name, dear?" I said to the elder of the two; but I received no answer.

"Well, what is this little fellow's name?" I said, patting the younger one on the head.

"Oh! his name is Fred," he answered with a bright smile, and, stooping, kissed the dear brother in a very loving manner.

"Well, now, won't you tell me what your name is?" I continued. "I want to know very much."

"My name is Eddy, ma'am,— Freddy and Eddy, you see." And he looked at me in a very pleasant way.

"Well, what is your father's name? You can tell me that, I know."

He looked up at me in perfect astonishment, but did not answer: so I repeated the question.

"Can't you tell me what your father's name is?"

He looked up at me again in wonder, and replied,—

"His name is *father*."

Dear little fellow! He knew no other name but "father." It was "father" who loved his little children; it was "father" who worked all day for them and for their mother; it was "father" who fed the little ones, and bought clothing and wood for them; it was "father" who, though wearied with his day's work, always had a kind, loving word for mother, and a romp with the little ones, tossing the baby up in his strong arms, and playing with the sturdy boys: or, sitting on the grassy bank outside the door, watched the children as they rolled over with big Ponto, or tried to catch the little kittens as they basked under the stone wall. It was "father" whom they loved and trusted in; it was father who loved and trusted them. "His name is 'father.'" That is enough for little Eddy and Freddy.

I then thought of what the blessed Saviour said to his disciples, and to each and all of us: "When ye pray, say, 'Our Father which art in heaven.'" No other name so full of love and tenderness; no other name can convey the idea of faith and perfect

trust. "His name is Father." He gave us our being; he gives us each day our daily bread; he clothes us with fitting raiment; he shelters us from the stormy wind and tempest; he watches us, sleeping or waking, about our path and about our bed. He knows all our weakness and infirmities, and bids us ask him for grace and strength, that we faint not while trying to walk upon the heavenward road.

As his children, we must trust in him as the little child trusts in his earthly parent, and not let a doubt arise, believing he is able and willing to save and bless his own.

"His name is Father." Little children, let us know no other name. Your Father and mine, grant that, in the last great day, he may not be ashamed to call us his children.—*C. Eustis.*

Library Reports.

During the month of August, forty-eight libraries were sent to sea from the Society's rooms, 80 Wall St., twenty new, and twenty-eight refitted. The following have been reported:

No. 763.—"Books read;" gone to sea on schr. *E. J. Smith.*

No. 776.—The captain states that the books were beneficial to all. Gone to Port au Prince on brig *Scotland.*

No. 1331.—"Read with interest." Gone to North Carolina on steamer *Wacamaw.*

No. 1654.—"Books much read." Gone to Gibraltar, on brig *Lophema.*

No. 2017.—"Means of much good to all." Gone to Surinam, on brig *Queen.*

No. 2057.—"Read with profit." Gone to Salem on schr. *Hero.*

No. 2125.—"Books read with good results." Gone to Savanilla, on brig *Water Lily.*

No. 2193.—Has been to Europe; much read. Gone to Porto Rico, on brig *O. A. Hoard.*

No. 2400.—Have been several voyages, show that they have been much used. Gone to Port au Prince, on brig *J. Raynes.*

No. 2398.—Returned refitted and gone to Oporto, on brig *Shasta.*

No. 2499.—"Books read with profit. Gone to Genoa, on brig *Rhone.*

No. 2591.—Has been to San Francisco. Books useful to all on board. Gone to Indianola, on schr. *J. P. Ball.*

No. 2640.—"The books have done good to all." Gone to Charleston, on schr. *F. Satterly.*

No. 2915.—Returned, refitted and gone to Pernambuco on schr. *Eva May.*

No. 2944.—Has been to Africa and much read. Gone to West Indies, on brig *P. Hobbs.*

No. 2955.—"Books were beneficial to all." Gone to Sydney, on brig *Bismarck.*

No. 3004.—Has been a number of voyages. Gone to Galveston, on brig *Guiding Star.*

No. 3120.—The captain says: "The books were the means of good to himself and crew." Gone to Hayti, on schr. *H. H. Thompson.*

No. 3122.—"The books have done great good." Gone to Havre, on bark *G. P. Paysant.*

No. 3182.—Has been to various ports. Gone to Jamaica, on schr. *W. R. Knighton.*

No. 3244.—"Books read with interest." Gone to Africa, on bark *J. Pope.*

No. 3379.—Has been to the East Indies. Gone to Montevideo, on bark *Eugenia.*

No. 3380.—"Much read." Gone to Havre, on bark *S. M. Dadson.*

No. 3501.—Returned from a voyage to San Francisco and Europe. "Books were read with interest." Refitted and gone to Gibraltar, on bark *Sicilian.*

No. 3571.—"Read with good results." Gone to Europe, on brig *Stafford.*

No. 3582.—"Books read and appreciated." Gone to London, on bark *E. Moore.*

No. 3037.—Returned. Much read. Gone to South Africa in bark *Werdword*; 13 men.

No. 3645.—Returned, refitted and reshipped on steamer *Benefactor* for Wilmington N.C.

No. 3919.—Transferred from bark *Norwood* to schr. *Lacy Church*; in good order.

No. 2740.—Returned in good condition. "Books much read by all who could read. Many thanks to the society for the excellent library. I thank God that he has put it into the hearts of Christians to supply such libraries. 19 prayer meetings held. W. H. B. Master, schr. *Alcyone*.

No. 1965.—I thank you much for the library. I got all the crew to sign the temperance pledge and also some seamen from other vessels. They were all drinking men when they went on board. Pray for me that I may do good. G. H. Allison, steward, bark *Janet*.

No. 2767.—"Many thanks for the library. It has been in my care two years. I have been to Rio where I was taken sick and was obliged to leave the ship. I was restored and went to China and from there to San Francisco and Callao and thence to New York. The library has always been with me and has been a great blessing and comfort to me in many a lonely hour. Most of my shipmates seemed to take great interest in the books. We have had religious services every sabbath and often during the week. Our captain allowed no profane language to be used. The religious influence which has been exerted on board, has been very great among most of the ship's company. The temperance books have been especially useful."

C. N.

No. 3421.—Returned; much read and very useful. Gone to sea in schr. *R. Peterson*, Captain English. Donation \$2.

No. 3475.—Many thanks for the use of the library. I found it of great service to me and my shipmates.

H. W. J.

Gone to sea in ship *Kendrick*, Capt. Watts; 25 men for New Orleans, care of Adolphe Lindsakem.

No. 2762.—Returned in good condition from 3rd voyage. Gone to sea in brig *A. Williams*, captain Saunders, for West Indies.

No. 3111.—"Read with interest." Gone to Nassau, on brig *San Juan*.

No. 3125.—Returned with the following note:

"NEW YORK, July 20th, 1871.

Please receive this small donation as a small compensation for the much valuable reading your library has afforded me."

Yours, respectfully,

JOHN BLOWERS,

Master of ship *Emerald Isle*.

Do What You Can.

There was a farmer who had a large field of corn, and he harrowed and weeded it with great care, and on his field he depended for the chief support of his family. But after he had worked hard, he saw the corn begin to wither and droop for rain, and he began to have fears for his crop. He felt very sad, and went over every day to look at his corn, and see if there was any hope of rain. One day, as he stood looking at the sky, and almost in despair, two little rain-drops up in the clouds, over his head, saw him, and one said to the other, "Look at that poor farmer. I feel sorry for him; he had taken so much pains with his field of corn, and now it is all drying up; I wish I could do him some good." "Yes," said the other, "but you are only a little rain-drop; what can you do? You can't even wet one hillock." "Well," said the first, "to be sure I can't do much; but I can cheer the farmer a little at any rate, and I am resolved to do my best. I'll try. I'll go to the field to show my good-will, if I can do no more good, and so here I go." And down went the rain-drop—it came pat on the farmer's nose. "What's that? A rain-drop? Where did that come from? I do believe we will have a shower." The first rain-drop had no sooner started for the field than the second said, "Well, if you are going, I believe I will go to; here I come." And down dropped the rain-drop on another stalk. By this time a great many rain-drops had come together to hear what their companions were talking about, and when they saw them going to cheer the farmer, and water his corn, they said, "If you are going on such a good errand, I'll go

too." And down he came. "And I," said another. "And I." "And I." And so on, till a whole shower came. and the corn was watered, and it grew and ripened, all because the first little rain-drop determined to do what it could. Never be discouraged, children, because you can't do much. Do what you can—angels can do no more.

Thank You.

A few mornings since, I was passing by a large toy store, and my little friend who was with me, asked permission to stop and look in the windows. So we stopped and admired the beautiful collection of toys so temptingly arrayed for little people's pleasure,

Close to the window stood a little boy whose large eyes shone with eagerness as his glance fell on one and another. As Frank stood by his side, I marked the contrast between the boys. One was poor, ragged, dirty and neglected, the other so warmly clad, and rich in a fond mother's love and tenderness.

Meeting a friend, my attention was withdrawn from my charge, and when I turned to call Frank, both had disappeared. Happening to glance into the store, I saw them before the counter. Frank placed something in the hand of his new acquaintance, and they came out of the store. One glance was sufficient to tell me the whole story. The two shillings Frank's father had that morning given him had found its way, in the shape of a ball, into the hands of a neglected child. His face was aglow with happiness,—but no sooner had he reached the pavement than he was off fast as his feet would carry him. With a surprised look my little friend followed his course till the crowd hid him from view. Then he said, "Auntie, he didn't even thank me, and I did so want to keep the ball myself, but somehow I couldn't: so I gave it to him. I think he might have thanked me, don't you?"

"Perhaps he never has heard 'Thank you,'" I replied; and we walked on.

The gay passers-by and the store windows had lost their attraction to Frank's eyes, and his little feet kept pace with mine for some distance, till glancing into my face he said;—

"Oh, Auntie, I know now; God didn't teach him the word, just so He could thank me his own self."

Every thing was bright again, and he danced again along the street; for had not God whispered "Well done" in his ear?

H. B. H.

Can You Rub It Out?

A little boy was trying to amuse himself once in his sick mother's chamber. To do this without a noise, he got a pencil and paper, and began printing his name. Presently he made a mistake; and, wetting his finger, he tried to rub it out, as he used to do with his slate. His mother saw what he was doing. She called him to her, and said,—

"My son, you cannot rub those marks out with your fingers. There is only one thing that will rub those marks out; and that is a piece of India rubber. But do you know that God writes down all you do in a book? Every bad word and act and thought and feeling is written down there: and do you think, my dear boy, that you can ever rub out those marks against you?"

The little fellow had never thought of this before. His face grew red, and then pale. He was very much distressed to think of those dreadful marks against him in God's book. He went away by himself for a while. Then he came back; and, going up to his mother's bedside, he said,—

"Dear mother, can't the blood of Jesus rubs out the mark of my sins from God's book?"

"Yes, my dear child," said his mother. "That is the way, the only way, in which our sins can be blotted out."

Then the little fellow wiped away the tears that had filled his eyes, and felt happy. That sweet verse came to his mind like a beam of light from the Sun of Righteousness; and it had power to comfort him.—*Young Pilgrim.*

LIFE MEMBERS AND DIRECTORS.

A payment of Five Dollars makes an Annual Member, and Thirty Dollars at one time constitutes a Life Member; One Hundred Dollars, or a sum which in addition to a previous payment makes One Hundred Dollars, a Life Director.

FORM OF A BEQUEST.

I give and bequeath to THE AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, incorporated by the Legislature of New York, in the year 1833, the sum of \$—, to be applied to the charitable uses and purposes of the said Society.

Three witnesses should state that the testator declared this to be his last will and testament, and that they signed it at his request, and in his presence and the presence of each other.

SHIPS' LIBRARIES.

Loan Libraries for ships are furnished at the offices, 80 Wall-st., New York and 13 Cornhill, Boston, at the shortest notice. Bibles and Testaments in various languages may be had either at the office, or at the Depository of the New York Bible Society, 7 Beekman-street.

SAVINGS BANK FOR SEAMEN.

All respectable Savings Banks are open to deposits from Seamen, which will be kept safely, and secure regular instalments of interest. Seamen's Savings Banks as such are established in New York, 78 Wall-street, and Boston, Tremont-street, open daily between 10 and 3 o'clock.

SAILORS' HOMES.

LOCATION.	ESTABLISHED BY	KEEPERS.
NEW YORK, 190 Cherry street.....	Amer. Sea. Friend Society....	Fred'k Alexander.
" 153 Thompson street, (colored) .	" " " " " " " "	W. P. Powell.
BOSTON, 99 Purchase street.....	Boston " " " " " " " "	Capt. P. G. Atwood.
PHILADELPHIA, 422 South Front street.....	Penn. " " " " " " " "	Capt. J. T. Robinson.
WILMINGTON, cor. Front and Dock streets....	Wilm. Sea. Friend Society....	Capt. W. J. Penton.
CHARLESTON, S. C.....	Charleston Port Society.....	Capt. Jno. McCormick.
MOBILE, Ala.....	Ladies' Sea. Friend Society...	Henry Parsons.
SAN FRANCISCO, Cal.....	" " " " " " " "	" " " "
HONOLULU, S. I.....	" " " " " " " "	Mrs. Crabbe.

INDEPENDENT SOCIETIES AND PRIVATE SAILOR BOARDING HOUSES.

NEW YORK, 338 Pearl street.....	Epis. Miss. Soc'y for Seamen. Charles Blake.
" 334 & 336 Pearl street.....	Private.....
" 91 Market street.....	do..... Peter Oberg.
" 4 Catharine Lane, (colored).....	do..... G. F. Thompson.
" 45 Oliver street.....	do..... Christ. Bowman.
" 39 do.....	do..... William White.
BOSTON, North Square, "Mariners' House"....	Boston Seamen's Aid Society. N. Hamilton.
NEW BEDFORD, 14 Bethel Court.....	Ladies' Br. N. B. P. S..... David Halsey.
BALTIMORE, 65 Thames street.....	Seamen's Union Bethel Soc'y. Edward Kirby.

MARINERS' CHURCHES.

LOCATION.	SUSTAINED BY	MINISTERS.
NEW YORK, Catharine, cor. Madison st.....	New York Port Society.....	Rev. E. D. Murphy.
" cor. Water and Dover sts.....	Mission " " " " " "	" " " "
" 27 Greenwich street.....	" " " " " " " "	B. F. Millard.
" foot of Pike street, E. R.....	Episcopal Miss. Society.....	R. W. Lewis.
" foot of Hubert street, N. R.....	" " " " " " " "	H. F. Roberts.
" Open air Service, Coenties Slip.....	" " " " " " " "	Robt. J. Walker.
" Swedish & English, pier 11, N.R.....	Methodist.....	O. G. Hedstrom.
" Oliver, cor. Henry st.....	Baptist.....	J. L. Hodge, D. D.
" cor. Henry and Market sts.....	Sea and Land, Presbyterian..	E. Hopper, D. D.
BROOKLYN, 8 President street.....	Am. Sea. Friend Society... }	E. O. Bates.
BUFFALO.....	" " " " " " " "	O. Helland.
ALBANY, Montgomery street.....	Methodist.....	P. G. Cooke.
BOSTON, cor. Salem & N. Bennet streets....	Boston Sea. Friend Society...	John Miles.
" North Square.....	Boston Port Society.....	S. H. Hayes.
" cor. Commercial & Lewis sts.....	Baptist Bethel Society.....	Geo. S. Noyes.
" Richmond street.....	Episcopal.....	H. A. Cooke.
PORTLAND, Me. Fore st, near new Custom House	Portland Sea. Friend Society.	J. P. Robinson.
PROVIDENCE, R. I., 52 Wickenden street....	Providence Sea. Friend Soc'y	F. Southworth.
NEW BEDFORD,.....	New Bedford Port Society...	C. M. Winchester.
PHILADELPHIA, corner of Front & Union.....	Presbyterian.....	J. D. Butler.
" cor. Shippen & Penn sts.....	Methodist.....	D. H. Emerson, D.D.
" Catharine street.....	Episcopal.....	G. W. McLaughlin.
" Church st. above Navy Yard.....	Baptist.....	W. B. Erben.
BALTIMORE, cor. Alice and Anna st.....	Seamen's Un. Bethel Society.	Joseph Perry.
" cor. Light and Lee sts.....	Baltimore, S. B.....	Francis McCartney
NORFOLK.....	Amer. Sea. Friend Society...	R. R. Murphy.
CHARLESTON, Church, near Water street.....	" " " " " " " "	E. N. Crane.
SAVANNAH.....	" " " " " " " "	Wm. B. Yates.
MOBILE, Church street, near Water.....	" " " " " " " "	Richard Webb.
NEW ORLEANS.....	" " " " " " " "	L. H. Pease.

AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY.

80 WALL STREET, NEW YORK.

Organized, May, 1828.—Incorporated, April, 1833.

WILLIAM A. BOOTH, Esq., *President.*

CAPT. NATH'L BRIGGS, *Vice President*

Rev. HARMON LOOMIS, D. D., *Cor. Sec'y.*

SAMUEL H. HALL, *Treasurer.*

" S. H. HALL, D. D., *Cor. Sec'y. & Ed. Mag.*

L. P. HUBBARD, *Financial Agent.*

OBJECTS. 1.—To improve the social, moral and religious condition of seamen : to protect them from imposition and fraud ; to prevent them from becoming a curse to each other and the world ; to rescue them from sin and its consequences, and to save their souls. 2.—To sanctify commerce, an interest and a power in the earth, second only to religion itself, and make it everywhere serve as the handmaid of Christianity.

MEANS OF ACCOMPLISHMENT. 1.—The Preaching of the Gospel by Missionaries and Chaplains, and the maintenance of Bethel Churches in the principal ports of this and foreign countries. In addition to its Chaplaincies in the United States, the Society has stations in CHINA, JAPAN the SANDWICH ISLANDS, PERU, CHILI, BRAZIL, FRANCE, BELGIUM, DENMARK, NORWAY, SWEDEN NEW BRUNSWICK, &c., and will establish others, as its funds shall allow. Besides preaching the Gospel to seamen on ship board and on shore, and to those who do business upon our inland waters, Chaplains visit the sick and dying, and as far as possible supply the place of parents and friends.

2.—The monthly publication of the *SAILORS' MAGAZINE* and *SEAMEN'S FRIEND*, designed to collect and communicate information, and to enlist the sympathy and co-operation of Christians of every name, in securing the objects of the Society. The last of these publications, the *SEAMEN'S FRIEND*, is gratuitously furnished Chaplains and Missionaries for distribution among seamen and others. The Society also publishes the *LIFE BOAT* for the use of Sabbath-schools.

3.—**LOAN LIBRARIES**, composed of carefully selected, instructive and entertaining books, put up in cases containing between forty and fifty volumes each, for the use of ships' officers and crews, and placed as a general thing, in the care of converted sailors, who thus become for the time, effective missionaries among their shipmates. This plan of sea-missions contemplates much more than the placing of a Christian Library on ship-board, in that. (1) It places the library in the hands of an individual who takes it for the purpose of doing good with it, and who becomes morally responsible for the use made of it. (2) It places the library in the fore-castle—the sailors' own apartment. (3) It contemplates a connection between the missionary and the individual who furnishes the instrument with which he works. The donor of each library is informed, if he requests it, when and where it goes, and to whom it is entrusted; and whatever of interest is heard from it, is communicated. The whole number of libraries sent out by the Society, is 3,713, containing 180,000 volumes. Calculating frequent re-shipments, they have been accessible to probably 170,000 men. Over seven hundred hopeful conversions at sea have been reported as traceable to this instrumentality. A large proportion of these libraries have been provided by special contributions from Sabbath-schools, and are frequently heard from as doing good service. This work may be and should be greatly extended. More than 20,000 American vessels remain to be supplied.

4.—The establishment of *SAILORS' HOMES*, *READING ROOMS*, *SAVING'S BANKS*, the distribution of *BIBLES*, *TRACTS*, &c.

The *SAILORS' HOME*, 190 Cherry St., New York, is the property and under the direction of the Society. It was opened in 1842, since which time it has accommodated 77,673 boarders. This one Institution has saved to seamen and their relatives, \$1,500,000. The moral and religious influence on the seamen sheltered there, can not be estimated. More or less shipwrecked seamen are constantly provided for at the Home. A Missionary of the Society is in daily attendance, and religious meetings are held on week day evenings.

The Society also aids the *HOME FOR COLORED SAILORS*, an excellent institution under the care of Mr. W. P. POWELL, 153 Thompson St. Similar institutions exist, under the care of auxiliary Societies, in the cities of BOSTON, PHILADELPHIA, PORTLAND, NEW ORLEANS, SAN FRANCISCO, and HONOLULU, S. I.

NOTE.—Twenty dollars contributed by any individual or Sabbath-school, will send a Library to sea, in the name of the donor. Thirty dollars makes a Life-Member ; One Hundred dollars a Life Director. The *SAILORS' MAGAZINE* is, when asked for, sent gratuitously to Pastors, who take a yearly collection for the cause, and to Life-Members and Directors, upon an annual request for the same.